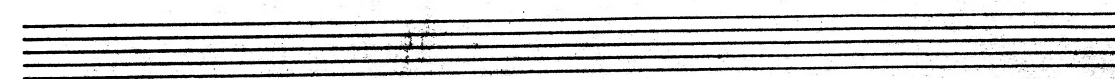
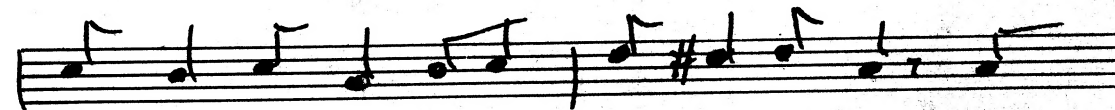
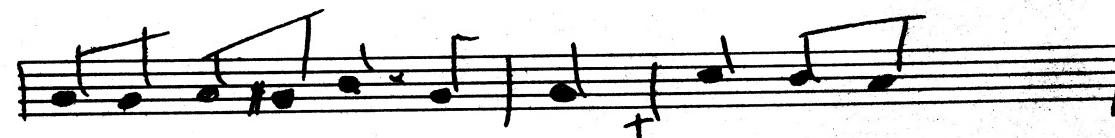
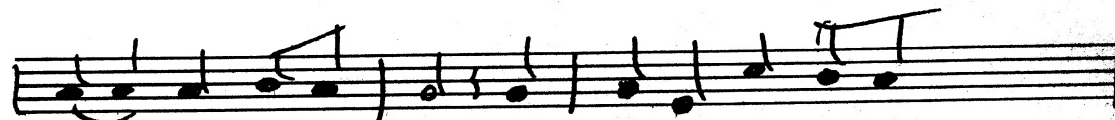
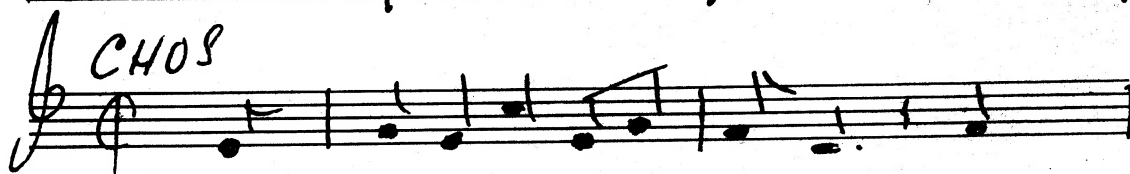
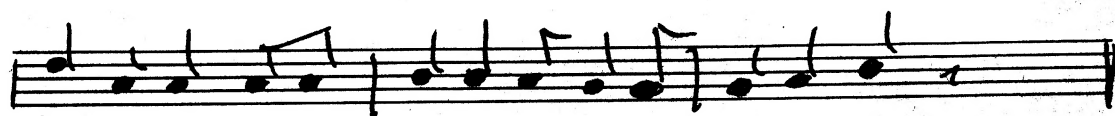
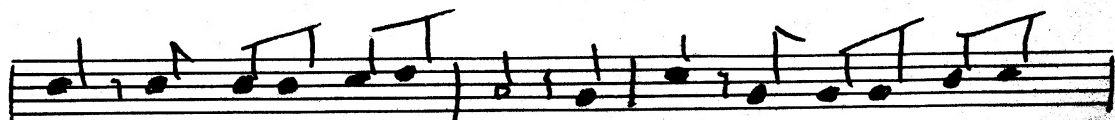
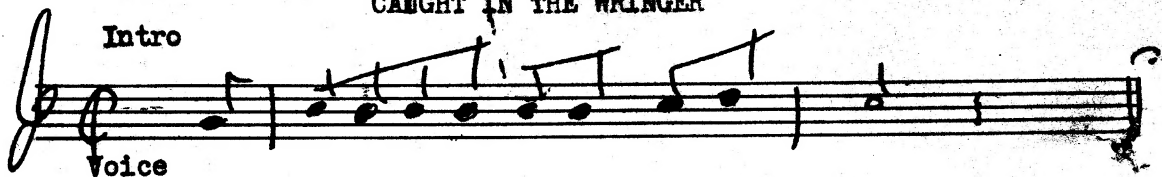


CAUGHT IN THE WRINGER

Intro



~~CAUGHT IN THE WRINGER~~

Luxom Josephine, bought a washing machine,  
'Cos she was told it was the easy way,  
But fate was mean, to little Josephine,  
For when she leaned over the other day :

**Choruses**

She got THEM caught in the wringer  
The finest PAIR in town  
She cied & Cried, she almost died,  
She could'nt pull the darn things out no matter she tried.  
She got them caught in the wringer  
It was a terrible sight,  
They were the finest sh owned, It's no wonder she groaned,  
How can she show them off at night!

She got THEM caught in the wringer,  
It roused the whole neighborhood,  
Each one in sight, tried with the all their might,  
To extricate the lady from her terrible plight,  
She got them caught in the wringer  
Help! Help! the poor girl did shout,  
They called Senator O'Toole, because he had a pull,  
He tried but he could'nt get them out.

(Yes, poor kid)

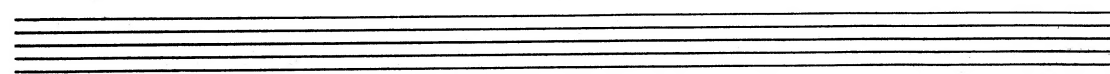
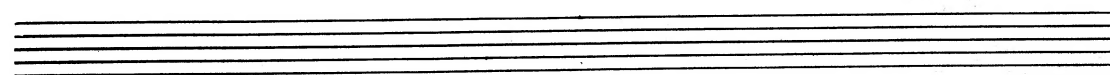
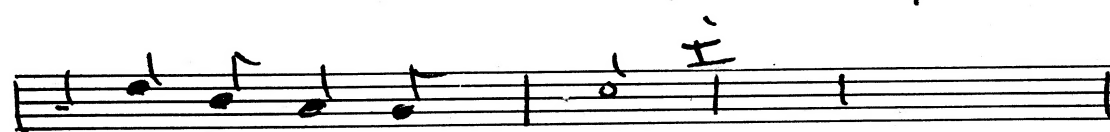
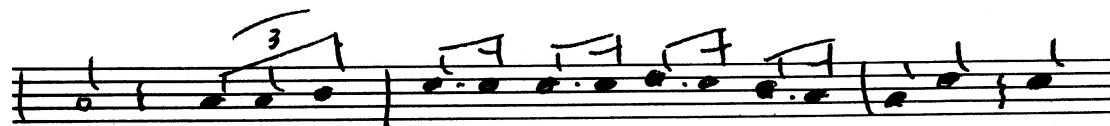
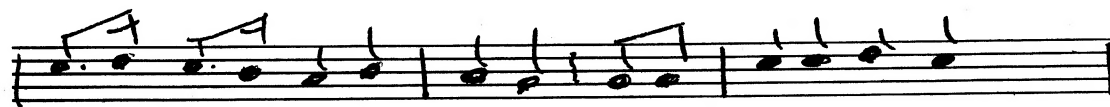
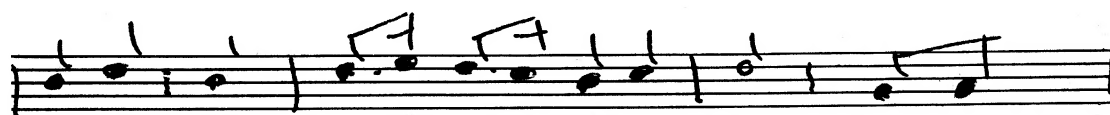
She got them caught in the wringer ,  
It was painfull to be hold,  
They did their most, to find ways & means,  
And just as they were giving up iIN WALKED TWO MARINES  
\*They pulled---- them out of the wringer,  
How they did Gawd only knows,  
It's no wonder that she raved, he was happy that she'd saved,  
A LOVELY PAIR.... OF NYLON HOSE!

— DON'T GIVE ME A GOOSE FOR XMAS —

Intro



Voice



PASSANTINO  
BRANDS

NUMBER 5  
12 Stave Octavo



# DON'T GIVE ME A GOOSE

Oh, please don't give me a goose for christmas, Grandma,

A goose would make me nervous as the duece

I'm, so, very tender Grandma,

I'm so very touchy, what's the use!

I was brought up on a such farm, Grandma,

Where the ducks go "Quack, quack, quack!"

But if you do give me a goose for Xmas Grandma,

I never again will turn my back,

So, give me two tickets for the Follies,

Or, a pussy like Aunt Mollies,

But PLEASE...don't give me a goose, Cos I can't take it (Yell and jump forward)

OH, PLEASE! DON'T GIVE ME A GOOSE.

POEM: GOOSEY BILL

(Sad music: HEARTS & FLOWERS VERY SOFT)

We buried our old pal Bill to day,

Our companion of pipe & bowl,

We've been on many a drunk together

Damn his good old soul.

But I always had Bill bested,

In the art of drinking booze,

But the guy that could beat bill... Jazzing,

Never walked in a pair of shoes.

But it was'nt jazz that killed poor Bill

Nor booze that took away his breath,

But a fly ... crawled up Bill's rectum,

AND TICKLED POOR BILL TO DEATH!

\*\*\*\*\*



Intro IN HOLLYWOOD

Voice

CHORUS

YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE IT IN HOLLYWOOD

VERSE

I just returned a week ago from hollywood  
And gee ! it's great to be back because  
No matter how much you like the movie game  
It's not the same-  
You miss the applause  
No matter how big you are -no matter how small,  
Out there on the coast, I'll tell you the most  
Important things of them all.

CHORUSES

You've gotta have IT in Hollywood  
IT is a wonderful thing  
You've gotta have IT in Hollywood  
If you wanna stay in the ring.  
All the animals have it, Lassie's never alone,  
All the dogs in Hollywood follow Lassie home,  
Crawford has IT-Grable has IT-that's why they're sublime,  
Margerite O'Brien found out she had it all the time,  
You MUST have IT in Hollywood  
IT is a wonderful thing.

You gotta have IT in Hollywood,  
It is a wonderful thing,  
You gotta have IT in Hollywood,  
If you wanna stay in the ring,  
Jimmy Durante has IT, they say it's in his nose  
And if he has it somewhere else, now where do you suppose?  
Dotty Lamour has IT. Now there is no doubt,  
She's got IT where the consors can't cut it out,  
You MUST have IT in Hollywood,  
IT is a wonderful thing,

Yes, you gotta have IT in Flim-land,  
Or you can't do a gosh darn thing,  
You gotta have it in Flim-land  
If you want the bell to ring,  
Lana Turner had IT- it was all in a bunch  
But she lost it when Turhan Bey took her out to lunch  
Roy Rogers has it, we all know of course,  
It's not on Roy at all, It's on "Trigger" his horse,  
You must have IT in Hollywood  
IT is a wonderful thing.

Extra catch line.

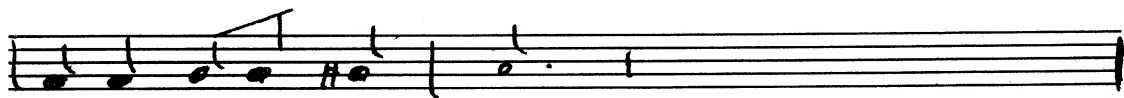
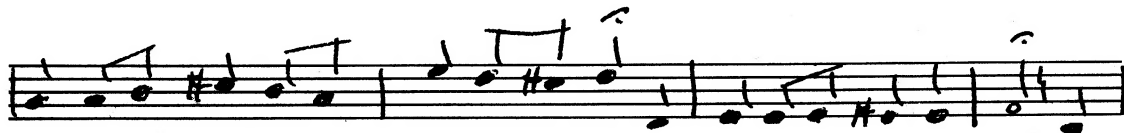
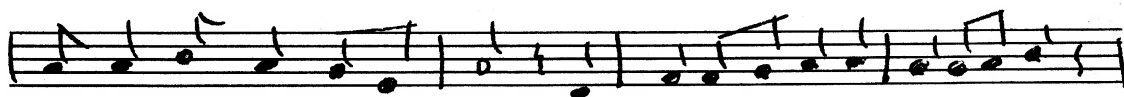
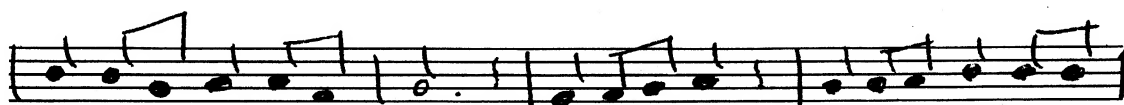
Frank Sinatra has It, his crooning really thrills  
If you wanna know where he gets it -It's from those Vitamin Pills,  
You must have it in Hollywood, It is a wonderful thing.

HE CAME IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT

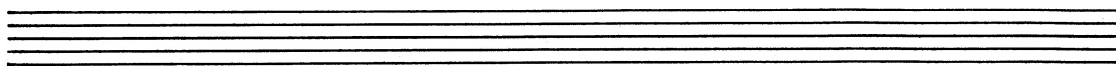
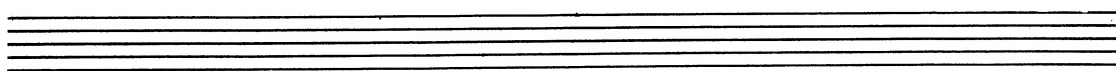
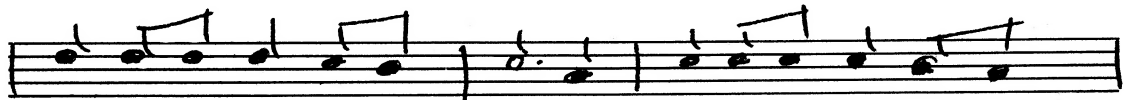
Intro



Voice



CHORUS.



PASSANTINO  
BRANDS

NUMBER 5  
12 Stave Octavo

## HE CAME IN HIS BEST SUNNY SUIT

### Verse

Now Johnny was a kid, like all other kids,  
The girls put his head in a whirl,  
He liked to tease and play around,  
With each little & Pearl  
He had a suit, oh boy! what a suit,  
That was given to him by a fiend,  
It fitted so tight it just was'nt right,  
When he'd bend it would kink in the end.  
But still, for his first affair,  
That suit he wanted to wear.

### CHORUSES

Folks all wondered why, he was so very shy,  
It was all on account of that day  
His girl asked him over to play,  
AND HE CAME\*IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

Got so excited, the spark was ignited  
He hardly could wait for the chance,  
He felt he had ants in his pants,  
SO he CAME IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

When he rang the bell, the feeling was swell  
And he blushed to the roots of his hair,  
'Cos he was the only one one there  
WHO CAME\*IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

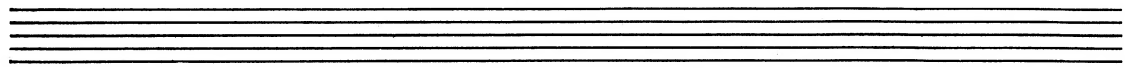
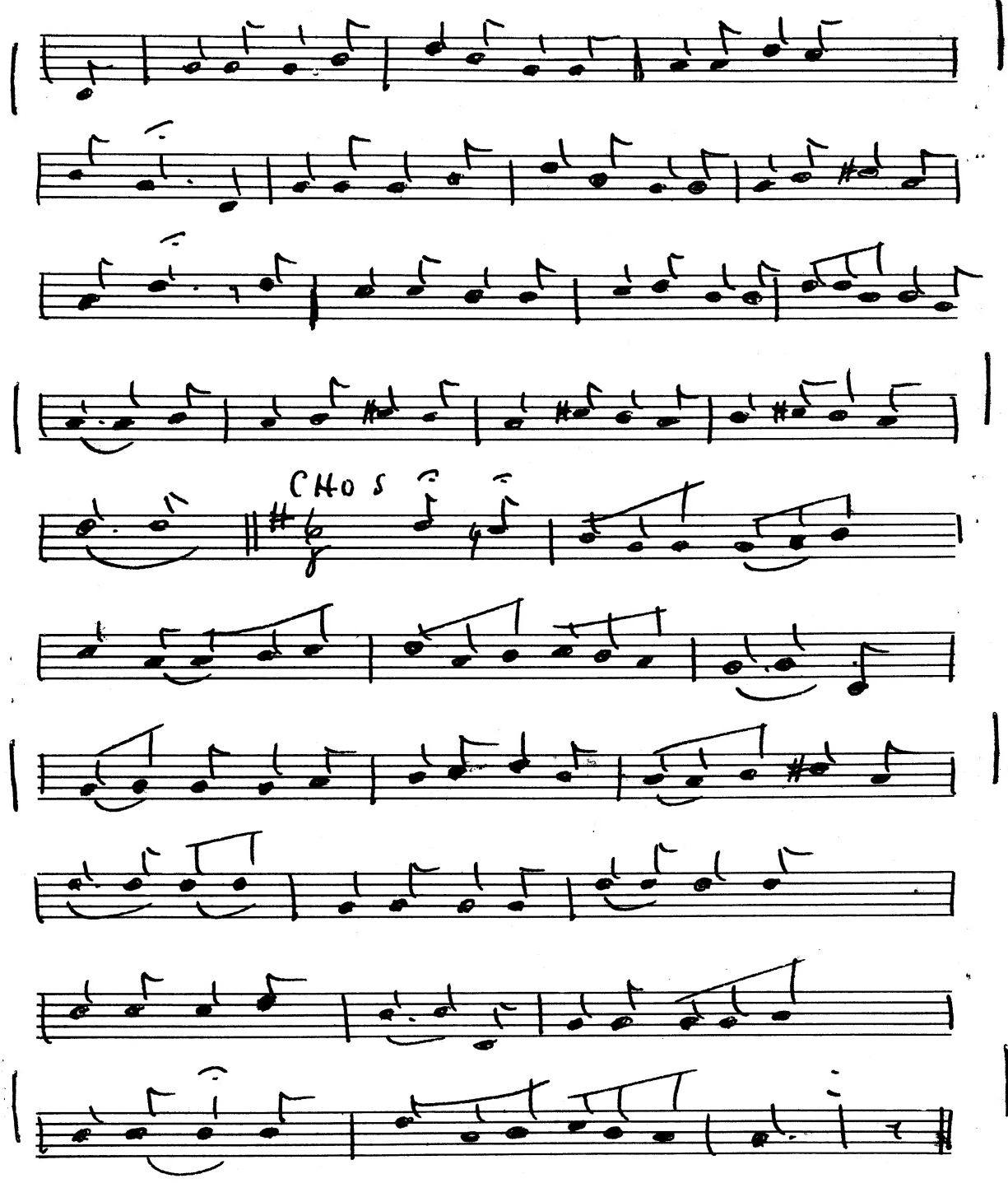
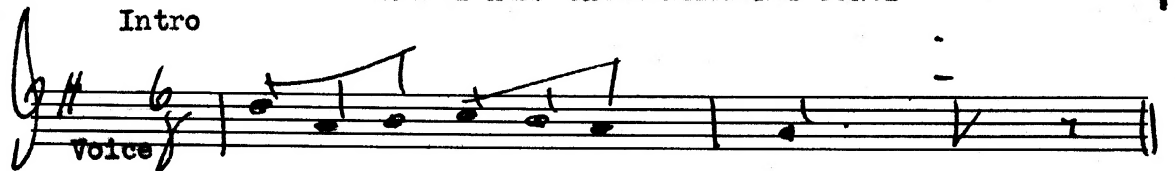
She took off his hat, on a couch they sat,  
For no rhyme or reason at all  
They fell on the floor in the hall,  
AND HE CAME-IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

She ruffled his hair, what a beautiful pair  
And both were quite happy & gay  
He's quite satisfied to this day,  
THAT HE CAME\*IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

He didn't look very well, his clothes shot to....pieces,  
But too late, the damage was done,  
It surely was barrels of fun  
TO COME-IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

SHE TICKLED THE GENTLEMAN'S FANCY

Intro



SHE TICKLED THE GENTLEMAN'S FANCY

Spoken: Ladies and Gentlemen -- Here's a little ditty about a little lass  
Who devoted much of her time spreading mirth and laughter-I hope  
you like it.

Verse

Belinda Blair sold underwear and worked for Mr Macey,  
One day and gentlemen came in and asked for something lacey,  
She knew from looking at him that he must be a millionaire  
So when he sared at her and smiled, She gave him stare for stare.

Chds

And she tickled the gentleman's fancy like it had never been tickled before  
He asked to see her lingerie, that tickled his fancy more,  
He took her to his pent house, anf filled her full of gin  
And there she tickled his fancy--Well, she tickled him under the chin.

Verse

He opened up her eyes to things, and when he finally kissed her,  
He told her things she'd never knowed, and he hoped she had a sister,  
His manner was so charming, he had lovely hair,  
She always knew that she'd be glad, she showed him her underwear.

Chorus

For, she, tickled the gentleman's fancy, like it had never been tickled  
before  
And every day in some new way, he tickled her fancy more,  
He bought her pearls and diamond rings, and a coat of Russian mink,  
He always tickled her fancy well, the gentleman tickled her pink.

Chorus

For, they, tickled each others fancy, whenever it suited their whim,  
They fiddled around, he tickled her (girlish laugh) and then she tickled  
him (Mannish laugh)  
Oh, they both would scream with laughter, until they were out of breath,  
They tickled each other fancy, until they were tickled to death.

\*\*\*\*\*

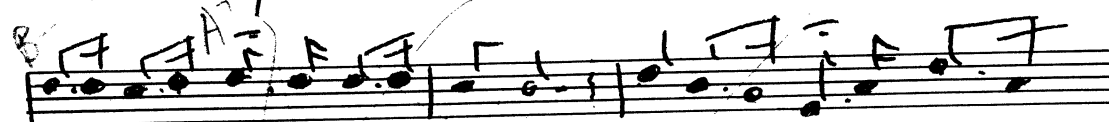
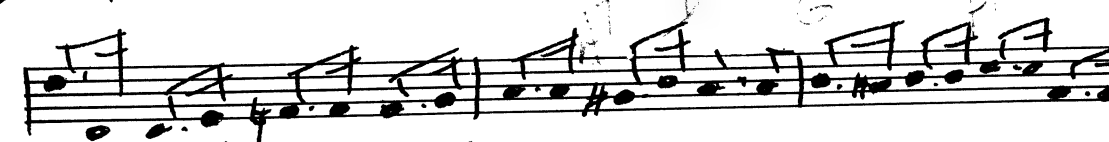
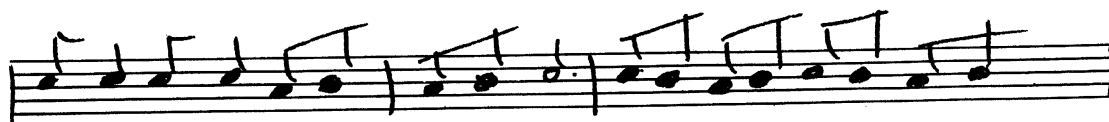


TWIN BEDS

Intro



Voice



PASSANTINO  
BRANDS

NUMBER 5  
12 Stave Octavo

## TWIN BEDS NEVER GOT MADE

### Verse

Mister and Mrs Truly Wed  
Bought a little house and moved right in  
Doubtless because they were Newly-weds  
Something always interfered when they'd begin  
To make the place cozy & clean  
Here's the sort of thing I mean:

### CHORUSES

The cuttains did'nt get hung  
The curtains did'nt get hung -  
She stood on top the ladder reaching high up into space  
But his eyes were not on curtains, tho' the two were made of lace,  
"You'd better take them down" he said, a smile upon his face,  
So the curtains did'nt get hung.

And the dinner did'nt get cooked,  
No, the dinner did'nt get cooked,  
When he came home and smelt the food, of course he had to snoop  
She was working in the kitchen opening up a can of soup  
He saw her little "CAN" and lost his appetite for soup,  
So the dinner did'nt get cooked.

And the carpet did'nt get laid,  
No, the carpet did'nt get laid  
She struggled with the rug and did'nt know what to do  
She looked so pretty kneeling, it thrilled him thru' and Thru'  
He said "You can't do that alone, it's "hard" enough for two,  
So the carpet did'nt get daid (I said, the carpet)

Now the washing never got done  
No, the washing never got done,  
Her Bendix would'nt start, when she was ready to begin  
"Let me show you how it works" he told her with a grin  
The thing ran like a charm as soon as he had "plugged it in"  
But the washing never got done.

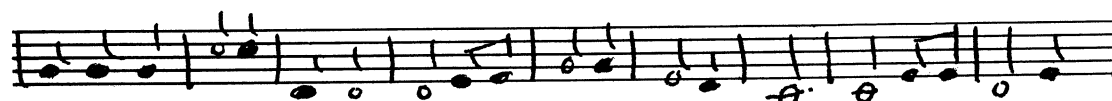
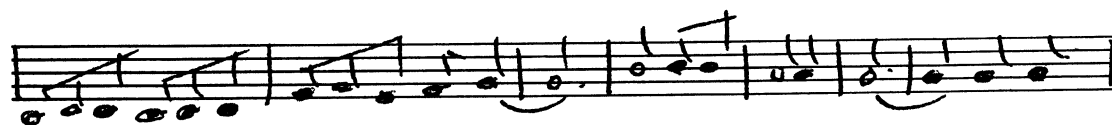
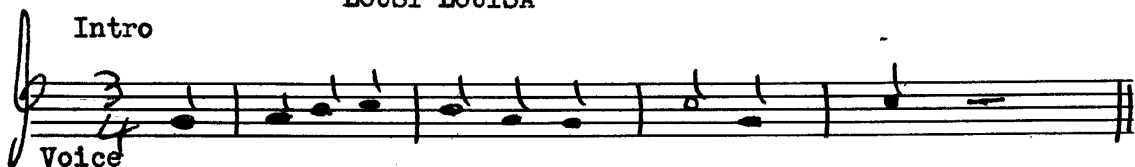
Now, the Twin beds never got made  
No, the twin beds never got made,  
All the thru' the week they spent each night in just one little bed  
But by Sunday, Mrs Newly wed, felt very nearly dead  
And HE was so knocked out he could scarcely "raise his head"  
So the twin beds never got made.

### Finish

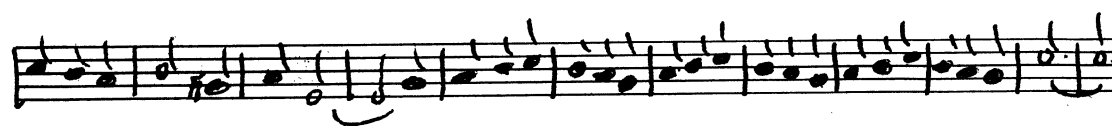
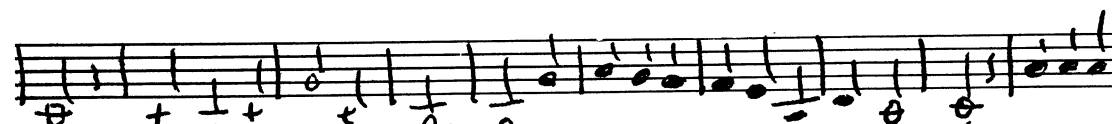
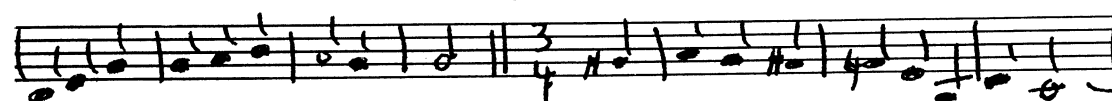
So don't be like the Truly-Weds, if you are newly wed  
After moving in your little home be sensible instead  
Remember all the moving is'nt always done in bed  
So take it easy, that's my advice,  
You'll last much longer-----  
You're married for a long, long, time.

# LOUSY LOUISA

Intro



CHORUS



PASSANTINO  
BRANDS

NUMBER 5  
12 Stave Octavo

STORY SONG\* LOUSY LOUSIA

Verse

Cruel are the ways of the city,  
Crasls are the cries of the crowd,  
So I beseech you have pity,  
Hold up your head not too proud.  
Poor little Lousy Lousia,  
Was a girl who spent her time,  
But she spent it in a Women's Penitentiary  
Charged with an ancient crime.  
Her attorney fought long to save her,  
And the tears rolled down his cheeks,  
When the mean old Jury gave her,  
A vacation for thirty weeks,  
He turned to the Judge with a final plea,  
And said your Honor can't you see,  
This may have happened to you or to me,  
Had we a horror in our family,

Chorus

For she had her mother to guide her,  
Into the ways of sin-  
Her mother was always beside her,  
Reeking and shrieking in Gin.  
So blame not poor Lousy Louisa,  
Give her your pity instead  
For her mother is now bed-ridden  
While little Lousia, Yes, little Louisa,  
IS NURSING A BABY INSTEAD.

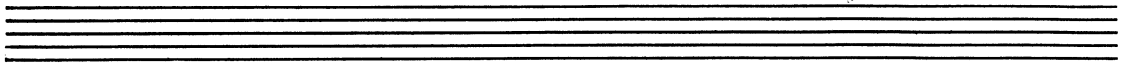
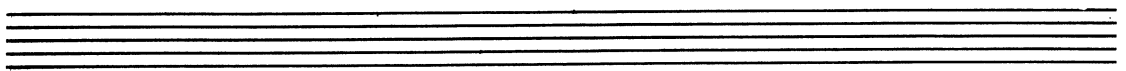
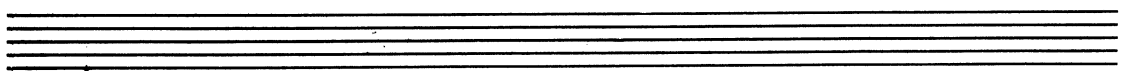
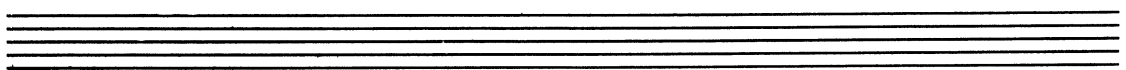
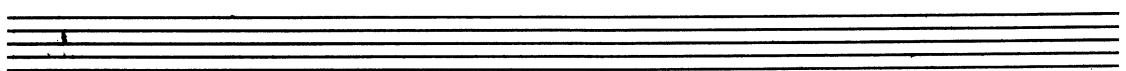
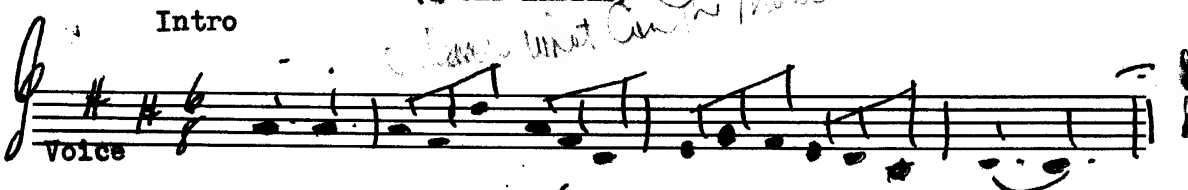
\*\*\*\*\*

Intro

(2 OLD LADIES)

*Classical Instrument Mother's*

Voice



PASSANTINO  
BRANDS

NUMBER 5  
12 Stave Octavo

## OLD LADIES

Talk: Ladies and Gentlemen: I'd like to tell you the story about the Seven Old Ladies who were locked in the Lavatory. ( to pianist: THANK YOU!)

Sing

The FIRST old lady was Ethel Royd Porter  
And she was the Bishop of Chicherster's daughter  
She want to relieve a slight pressure of water  
And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus may be sung after each verse inviting the audience to join in)

CHORUS

Oh, dear, what can the matter be  
Seven old ladies were locked in the lavatory  
They, were there, from Monday till Saturday  
Nobody knew they were there.

VERSES

The second old lady was Clementine Adder  
Who thought that she knew all the quirks of the bladder  
But when she got there she was wiser but sadder  
And nobody knew she was there.

The THIRD old lady was Evaline Yancy  
Who felt something there was tickling her fancy  
But when she got there 't was ants in her pantsy  
And nobody knew she was there.

The FOURTH old lady was Nellie Q Pickle  
Who was afflicted with reflexes fickle,  
She hurdled the door when she lost her nickle  
And nobody knew she was there.

The Fifth old lady was Louise M. Humpfrey  
When she sat down she could not let her bung free  
She said "Never mind, I am perfectly comfy,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The Sixth old lady was Branda Duff Frazier  
She had been drinking beer afer beer  
And came to repair a broken brazziere,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The SEVENTH old lady was Mary L. Spender  
Who went to repair a broken suspender  
That hed snapped up and injured her femine gender  
And nobody knew she was there.

The janitor came on Saturday mornin'  
And opened the door without any warnin'  
To find all the seats, the ladies adorning;  
CAUSE NOBODY KNEW THEY WERE THERE.

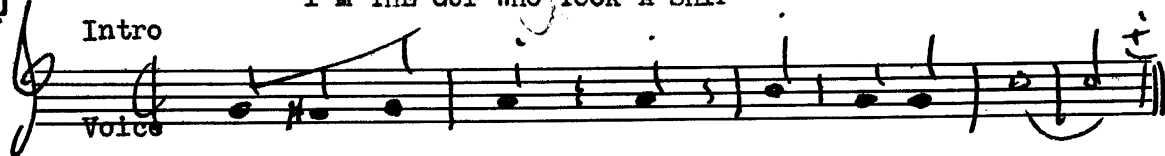
\*\*\*\*\*



I'M THE GUY WHO TOOK A SHIP

Intro

Voice



## I'M THE GUY WHO TOOK A SHIP ETC

### Verse

Have you heard the story of the three young men  
Who went out on a hike one Sunday?  
Now, two went by train the other took a boat  
And they told him that he'd get there Monday,  
Well, I was the fellow who took the boat  
While the other boys kidded me & got my goat  
But after what happened that day,  
I'm glad I went MY way.

### Chorus

I'm the guy who took a ship for himself  
I'm tickled to death that I took a ship for myself  
My friends all stood & laughed, when they saw me take a craft,  
But the train THEY took was in a wreck,  
Now they're both laid up with a broken neck,  
That's why I'm glad I took a little canoe  
I alone was the Captain, Steward and crew-  
Now I want the world the know, that no matter where I go,  
I'll always take a ship-for myself.

### Chorus

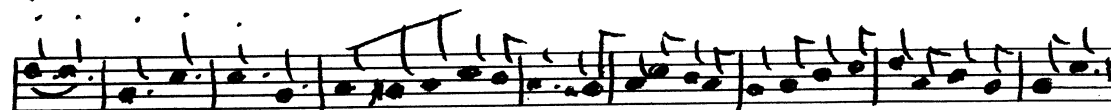
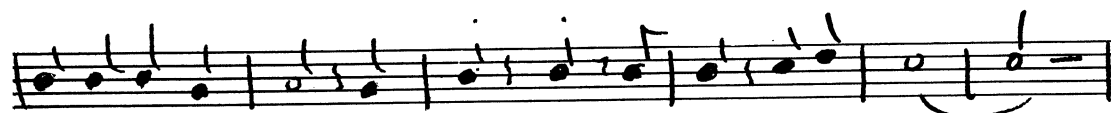
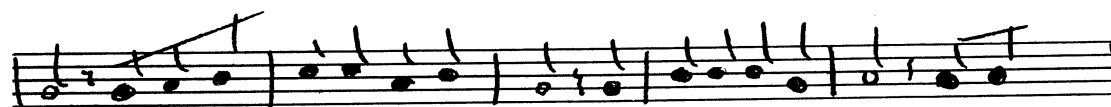
I'm the guy who took a ship for himself,  
I'm tickled to death that I took a ship for myself  
So don't you ever laugh, when a fellow take a craft,  
For a little cruise on the deep blue sea,  
Brings you vigour & vitality,  
That's why I'm glad I took a little canoe-  
I alone was the Captain, Steward and crew-  
Now I want the world to know, that no matter where I go,  
I always take-a-ship for myself.

\*\*\*\*\*

GO TAKE A SHIP

Intro

Voice



PASSANTINO  
BRANOS

NUMBER 5  
12 Stave Octavo

## TAKE A SHIP FOR YOURSELF

### Verse

Every time we take a trip you always get my goat  
I like trains and buses, You like a ferry boat  
Well, the next time we go travelling ships are out, and I declare  
You go your way, I'll go mine, I'll meet you over there.

### Chorus

You, take, a ship for yourself  
I'll go by train by myself-  
If you can't fly in planes, ride in buses or in trains,  
Then go take-a ship for yourself  
Take a battleship, and excursion ship, any old ship will do  
And if you can take a big ship, then take a small canoe,  
Bon Voyage to you my friend, I'll meet you at the journey's end  
If you like briny sea's-rolling waves and ocean breeze  
Then go! take! a ship for yourself.

### Finish (lively tempo)

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main  
Maybe that gives you pleasure, but it give me an awful pain  
Sailing, sailing, is'nt it lovely weather.  
Perhaps I'll change my mind and we'll both take a ship together

\*\*\*\*\*

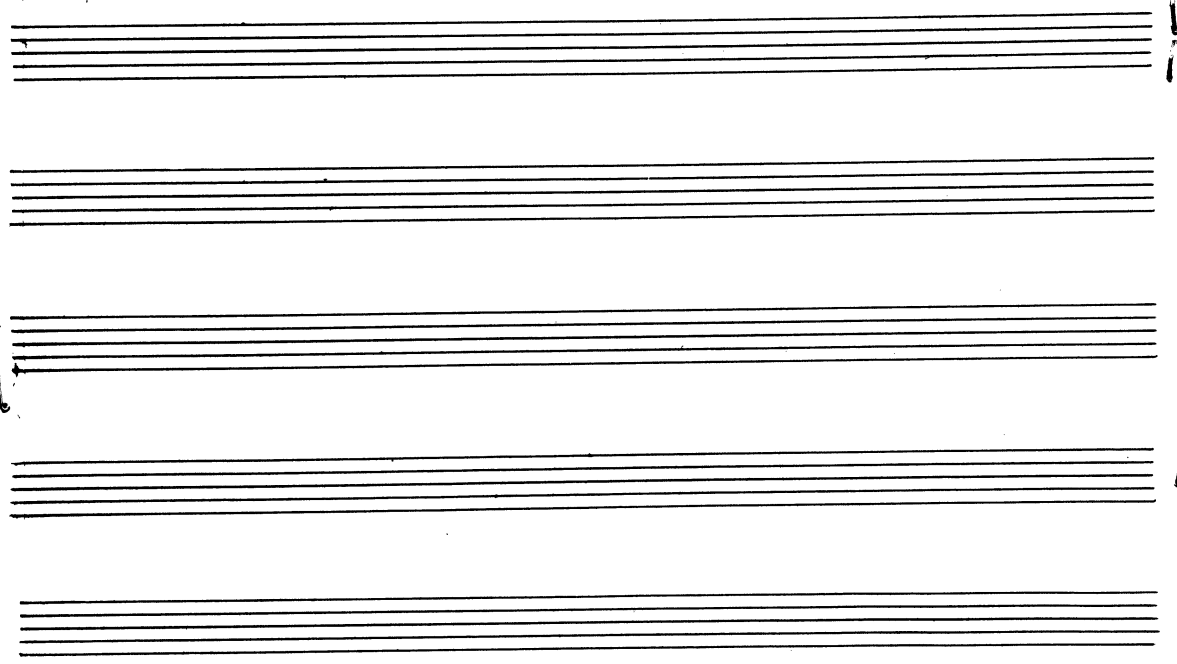
NOBODY HAD ANY BALLS

Intro

Handwritten musical notation for the Intro of 'The Rose Tree'. It is written on a single five-line staff with a treble clef. The time signature is 3/4, indicated by a '3' above the staff and a '4' below it. The melody consists of the following notes: a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note G4, an eighth note F#4, a quarter note E4, an eighth note D4, a quarter note C4, an eighth note B3, a quarter note A3, an eighth note G3, and a final quarter note F#3. The notes are written in a simple, handwritten style.

Voice

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on six staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style using quarter and eighth notes, with some slurs and ties. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the first staff, and 'The Rose Tree' is written below the second staff. The score is written in ink on a white background.



## THE TENNIS MATCH

Spoken: Speaking of Sports, I mean, Out-door Sports, no doubt many of you have played the game known as "Tennis" for the benefit of those who haven't, I'd like to say "Tennis is just a "racket". Tennis professionals are usually satisfied with "Net" profits -- As many of you know, Tennis is a game that is played with a racket and Soft Balls!

Sing:

A tennis game at Forrest Hills (Or name local Club)  
Was ready to begin--  
The nervous players faced the court  
And wondered who would win  
A crowd of eager Tennis fans  
Were packed into the stalls  
When suddenly someone discovered  
That nobody had any balls!

Spoken: Then suddenly a "Pansy" spoke up (Nance voice) I R  
I have Two-but heaven only knows what they are for".

Sing:

A futile frantic search began  
They searched the rooms and halls  
They looked in closets and in drawers  
But nobody had any balls  
They went among the audience  
And asked the guys and dolls  
But none had any they could spare  
Nobody had any balls.

Spoken:

A hundred and 50 physicians were there  
Fifty or sixty Opticians were there  
Paul Whiteman and his musicians were there  
But nobody had any balls  
Seventy or eighty tailors were there  
And fifty nine British sailors were there  
And seventy-eight San Quentin jailors were there  
But nobody-had-any-balls!

Sing:

The impatient crowd let out a roar  
That echoed through the walls  
What seems to be holding up the game?  
And somebody shouted "Balls"!  
And so they had to call the game  
They could'nt get started on time  
So the moral of the story is:

Spoken: hell! there IS no moral.

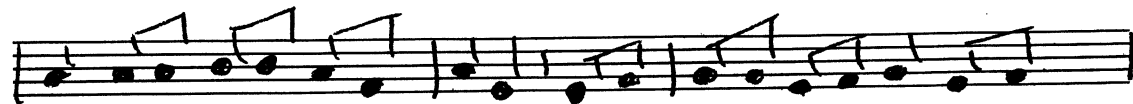


SHOTIN HER BOX

Intro



Voice



## SHOT IN HER BOX

TALK: Ladies and Gentlemen: I have a little number here, I think you'll enjoy. It's not too fast, not too slow, just a half ass little ditty, in which we discuss the Chorus girls -- not as an individual, but a WHOLE! This is a little story about a girl who danced very well with her right leg, with her left leg she was'nt so good. But, between the two, she made a hell of a good living. Our scene is laid at the Metropolitan Opera House. And this story had a moral proving that crime does'nt pay ----in the end.

### Verse

There's been a murder at the Met. Yes, a murder at the Met.  
Society has kicked over all it's traces.  
Put so many on the spot, there's a famous lady shot,  
In the most peculiar, of peculiar places.

### Chorus

She was, in her box, at the Opera,  
Here's a story, oh, sad to impart  
It's of dear Lady Heffington, Sweet Lady Heffington,  
Patron of music and art,  
Gay Lady Heffington, Sweet Lady Heffington,  
The beauty with big golden locks  
She's been brutally shot, in a vulnerable spot;  
She was shot...in her box....at the Opera.

### Chorus

She was shot - in her box - at the Opera,  
The most out-standing box, at the Met.  
And if gossips guessed rightly, she used the thing nightly,  
For reasons one ought to forget.  
But not Lady Heffington, Dear Lady Heffington,  
She entertained MEN, like a fox,  
Men found recreation, and sound relaxation,  
In Dear Lady Heffington's box.

### Chorus

She was shot- in her box - at the Opera  
And oh, what a pitiful sight,  
There were 6 different views, on the front of the news  
When the papers came out, last night,  
But dear Lady Heffington, Gay Lady Heffington,  
Tho loaded with diamonds and rocks,  
The papers just read "Lady Heffie is dead"  
She was shot- in her box - at the Opera.

Finish: It was awfully well meant, She passed out content  
As if by request. they-laid her--- to rest,  
She was shot- in her box - at the Opera.

\*\*\*\*\*

8-E6  
Last Night On The Back Porch.  
(Extra Choruses)

He loved her in New Jersey where the skeeters come from  
He loved her out in Flatbush and you know that's going some  
He loved her in Hoboken and she raved to visit Cork  
But last night out on the old back porch, he showed her old  
New York.

He loved her on Xmas and he sent her a watch  
He loved her on New Year's and he sent a quart of Scotch  
He loved her for her birthday, sent a lavalier and chain  
But last night out on the old back porch he took them back again.

2X He loved her at the <sup>movie balcony</sup> drama and it was very swell <sup>where</sup>  
He loved her in the movies that's the place they all love well  
He loved her at the ~~police~~ <sup>office</sup> but they got a lot of shocks  
So last night out on the old back porch he played her music box.

X He loved her in Spanish and he loved her in French  
He loved her in Russian and he rushed her to a Bench.  
He loved her in the Chinese which is mighty hard to speak  
But last night out on the old back porch he found her with a Greek.

He loved her in the day school and he loved her at night  
He loved her in the pay school in the free school her loved right  
He loved her in the High School, she was happy as could be  
So last night out on the old back porch he took her last degree.

3X He loved her in the evening 'neath the dreamy summer light  
He loved her and he hugged her on a chilly winter's night  
He loved her in a blizzard and that ain't no bluff or if  
But last night out on the old back porch his love was frozen stiff

He loved her in the garden until three in the morn  
He loved her in the garden until way after dawn  
He loved her with a feeling and he felt his mind he'd lose  
But last night out on the old back porch he felt her old man's shoes.

X He loved her with a fervour that was filled with desire  
He loved her with a passion that would set this world on fire.  
He loved her, yes, he loved her with a wilder love than that  
So last night out on the old back porch she made him hold the cat  
(poor pussy)

I loved her on the skylight and I loved her in the sun  
I loved her in the twilight and she cried: "Ain't we got fun?"  
I loved her how I loved her where the moonlight shadows fall  
But last night by the gas light I loved her best of all.

I loved her with a passion like a Ro-me-o, Gee.  
I loved her with a feeling I could climb her balcony.  
I loved her from a tree top, but I fell down with a sprawl  
So last night on the old back porch I couldn't lover her at all

V I loved her in a saddle as she rode on her horse  
I loved her on the gallop but the horse did that of course  
I loved her in the stable, tell the truth, that's just a stall  
But last night I was able to love her best of all

## LAST NIGHT ON THE BACK PORCH.

### Verse.

There's a girl I'm wild about - ev-ry time I take her out.  
I hug her - I squeeze her - I tease her so  
And we always can be found - where there's no one else around  
Do we cuddle, do we pet? You ain't heard nothin' yet!

### Chorus.

I love her in the mornin' and I love her at night  
I love her yes I love her when the stars are shining bright  
I love her in the spring time and I love her in the fall  
But last night on the back porch I loved her best of all.

### Chorus.

I loved her in the garden where I picked her a rose  
I loved her in the valley where the Swane River flows  
I loved her in the woodshed where the woodshed would shed wood  
But last night from the splinters - I didn't love so good.

### Chorus.

I love her on a Monday, 'twas a Tuesday I fell  
I love her on a Wednesday and on Thursday just as well  
I love her on a Friday, every Saturday I call  
That last night is her pay night - I love her best of all.

### Chorus.

I loved her in the country in her rompers of brown  
I loved her in the city in her little gingham gown  
I loved her on the sea-shore 'cause her bathing suit was small  
But last night in her nightie - she phoned "goodnight" that's all

### Chorus.

I loved her for her beauty, and I loved her for her style  
I loved her for her sweetness and I loved her for her smile  
I loved her for her good points, they's too many to recall  
But last night for her liquor, I loved her best of all.

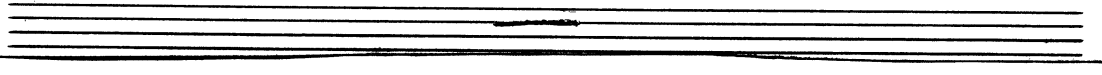
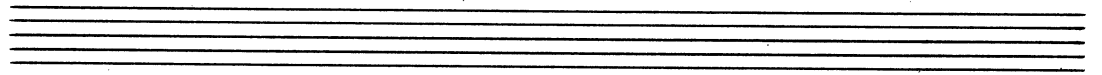
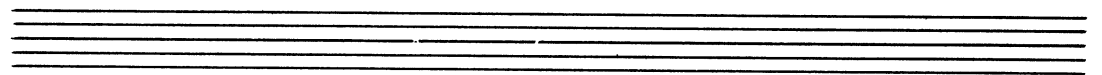
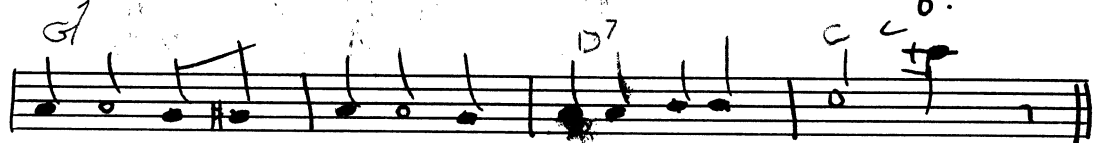
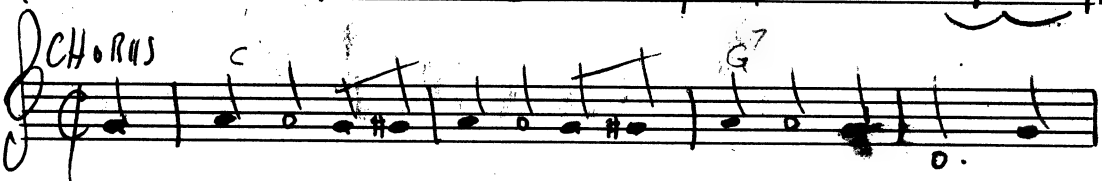
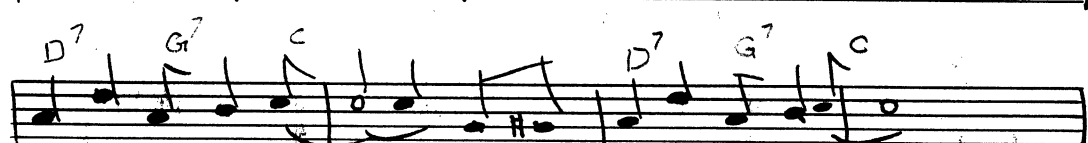
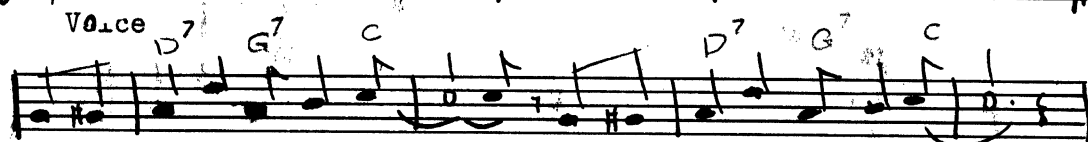
# LAST NIGHT ON THE BACK PORCH

ARAGON

## Intro



## Voice



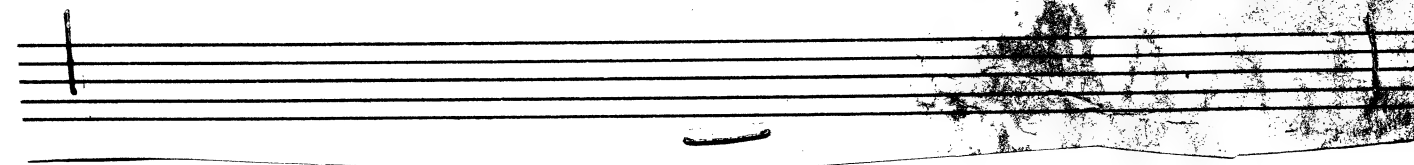
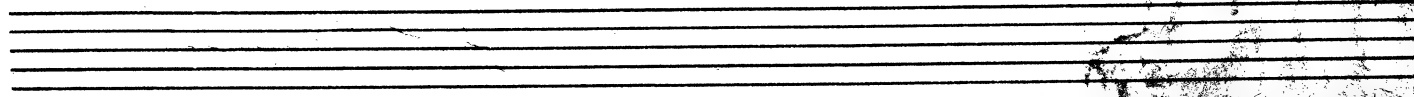
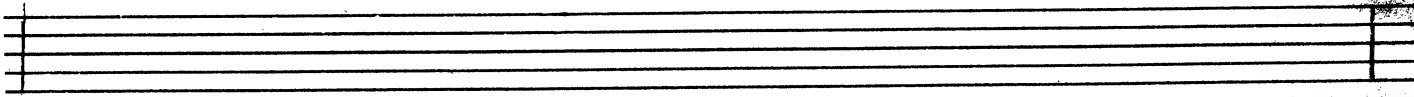
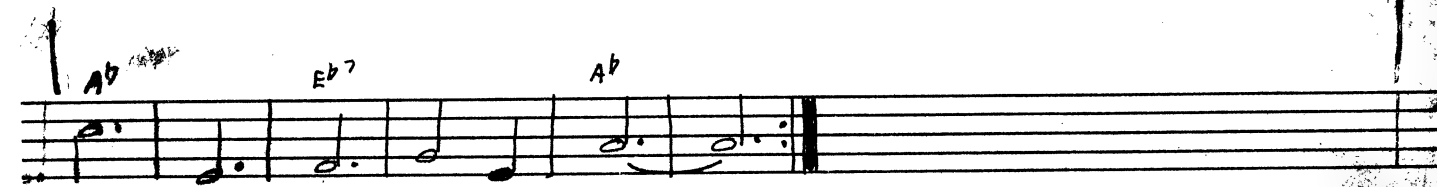
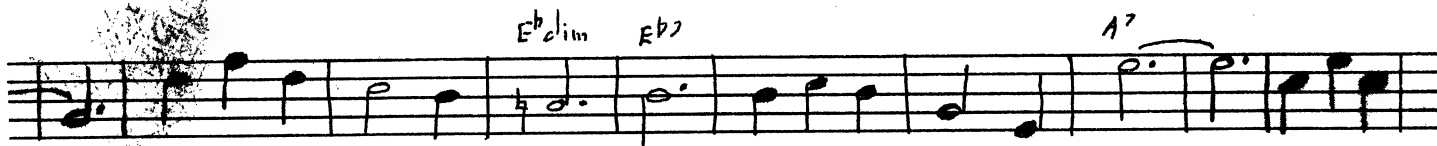
AFTER THE BALL.

After the ball was over  
Sadie took out her glass eye  
Put her false teeth in the ice box.  
Corked up her bottle of rye.  
Threwed her false leg in the corner  
Hung her false wig on the wall  
Wound up her cat and threw out the clock  
After the ball.



— aragon —

# "After the Ball"



*anyon*

LIDIA PINKHAM.

CHORUS.

Oh, let us sing, (Oh, let us sing) of Lidia Pinkham, (Pinkham, Pinkham)

And how she loved (she loved, she loved) the human race.  
(the human race)

And how she sold (she sold, she sold) her vegetable compound,

And how the Doctors all envied her face. (They envied her face.)

VERSE.

Now Mr & Jones hadn't had any children

And this seemed mighty queer.

So he bought her one bottle of compound,

Now the blest event comes 'round most every year.

VERSE.

Mr. Smith had a hen and a rooster.

This pair of chickens, they wouldn't lay.

So he fed them a bottle of compound.

Now he gets a dozen of eggs most every day.

VERSE.

If you should ever feel yourself slipping,

Take my advie without delay.

Just buy yourself some Lidia Pinkham's

And keep on living in the good old fashioned way.

argon

# "Lydia Pinkham"

Handwritten musical score for the song "Lydia Pinkham". The score is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the upper voice, with accompaniment in the lower voice. The second staff continues the melody and accompaniment. The third staff features a first ending bracket labeled "1" and a second ending bracket labeled "2". The fourth staff concludes the piece with a "Fine" marking. Chord symbols (C, G, D7, A) are written above the notes. The paper is aged and shows signs of wear, including two punch holes on the left side.

## IN THE WOODSHED.

### Verse.

Johnny had a girl named Mary, She was chilly, very, very.  
When he would try to love her, she'd balk  
She would slap his face, make him keep his place  
Till one night he took her for a walk.

### Choruses.

He asked her if she'd kiss him in the garden  
And in the garden she said "NO"  
He even tried to kiss her on her old back porch  
But on the back porch she wouldn't go.  
He wondered if she was human, or is she was made of woo,  
So at last he tried to kiss her in the woodshed  
And in the woodshed, she said she would.

He asked her if she'd kiss him in the gloaming  
And then she answered "Where is that?"  
He tried to kiss her in her own apartment too  
But she said "NO" so he knocked her flat.  
He tried every place he knew of, but she'd holler "Not so good."  
Till at last he tried to kiss her in the woodshed;  
And in the woodshed, she said she would.

He tried to kiss her right where she was sitting (My! my yes!)  
She kicked him out of her sitting room.  
And then he tried to kiss her in the bright moonlight  
But then somebody turned off the moon (A blackout!)  
He tried every place he knew of, but she told him where he stood  
Till at last he walked her right into the woodshed

(spoken)

And she made him chop enough wood to last all winter.

IN THE WOODSHED. (CONT.)

I even tried to kiss her on the boardwalk  
And how that baby could walk  
I even took her riding in a wheeling chair  
Then you could hear that sweet mama talk  
So I wondered if she was human  
Or if she was made of wood  
So I thought I'd take a train back to the woodshed  
'Cause in the woodshed, I KNEW SHE WOULD.

To kiss her right I thought we ought to marry  
So I bought her a diamond ring  
And after that I said, when shall we wed dear  
In Autumn, Winter, the Fall or Spring?  
I just can't make up my mind dear  
And I don't think that I should  
Forget it all and walk down to the woodshed  
And help me pile up a little wood.

I tried to steal a kiss while out a hunting  
Cause a hunting we did go  
I even tried to kiss her on the horses back  
Each time the horse moved she'd holler Whoa.  
Each time he'd move I'd get nervous  
Then I look down where he stood

~~There's~~

A million flies around us start to gather  
We took the woodshed - I'll say we did.

I got a thought that she might like some golfing  
And so I bought her a nifty club  
While I was chasing 'round the court to find the ball  
She went and sneaked off with some big dub  
I wondered where I could find them  
Or if perhaps I should  
But I hear that they were caught right in the woodshed  
They're doing six months up chopping wood.

WOODSHED.

ARAGON

Intro, Lively Tempo.

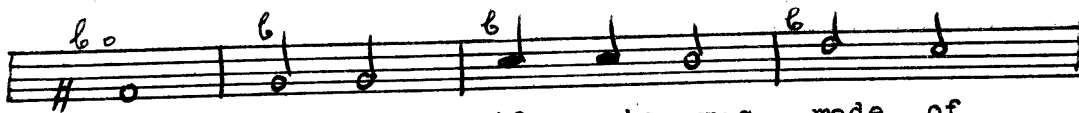
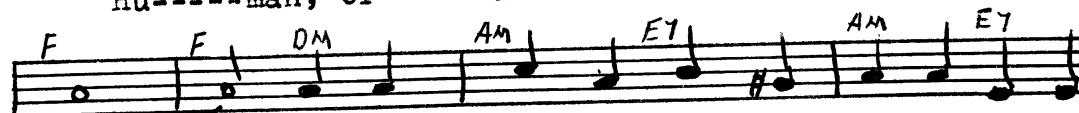
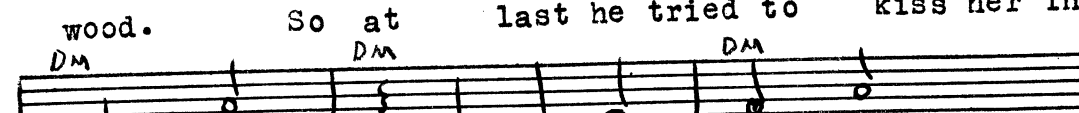
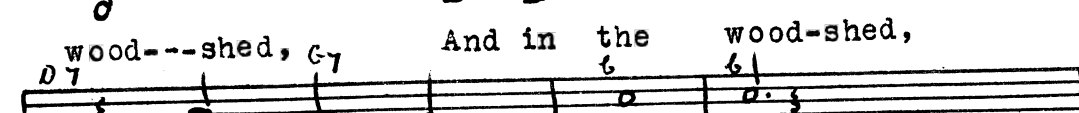
Voice.

John-ny had a girl and gee, She was chil-ly  
as could be, when he,d try to love her she would  
balk. She would al-ways slap his face,  
tell him he must keep his place, Till one night he

Cho.

He asked her if she,d kiss him in the  
gar--den, in the gar-den she said, Oh  
No. He ev-en tried to kiss her on the  
old back porch, on the back porch she would, nt  
He won-dered if she was

# ARAGON


  
 Hu-----man, or if she was made of
   

  
 wood. So at last he tried to kiss her in the
   

  
 wood---shed, And in the wood-shed,
   

  
 she said she would.

## 2nd Chorus.

He tried to kiss her right where she was sitting. (Talker) (A Sole kiss)  
 She kicked him out of her sitting room,  
 And then he tried to kiss her in the bright moonlight,  
 But then somebody turned off the moon.  
 He tried every place he knew of, but she told him where he stood  
 Till at last he walked her right into the woodshed,

( Last line spoken )

And she made him chop enough wood to last all winter.

Note : The chords penciled in this song are for guitar , but will  
 give the pianist a clue .

**IT'S BETTER THAN TAKING IN WASHING.**

Though there are people who live by their wits  
It's better than taking in washing.  
The hell with the morals, the sweeter the rits,  
It's better than taking in washing.  
Though you're supported by gambling and dice  
And though you do things not regarded as nice,  
Sinners and flappers if you get your price,  
It's better than taking in washing.

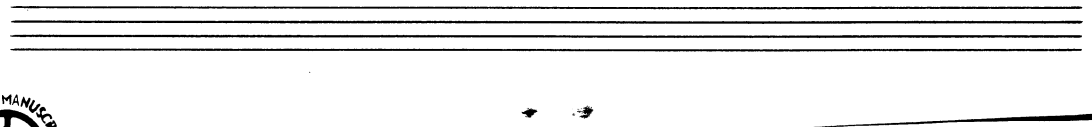
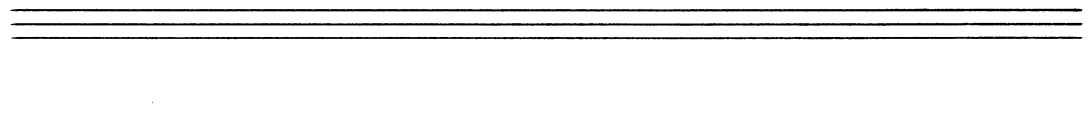
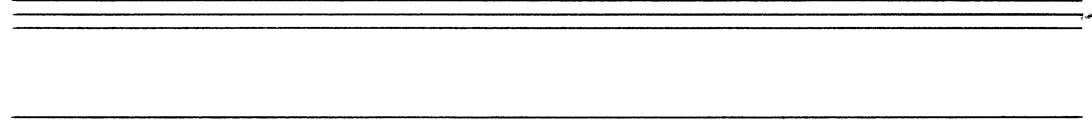
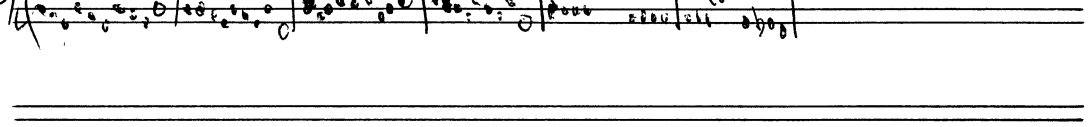
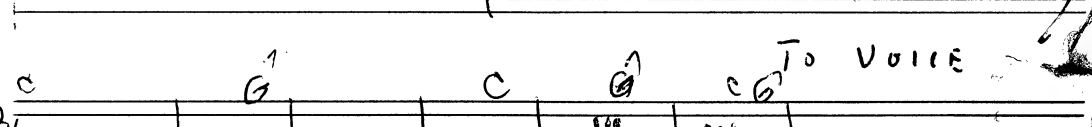
Now I know a girl who is kept in a flat  
It's better than taking in washing  
And each night her hat rack holds another hat  
It's better than taking in washing  
Quick as a dander she's giddy or gay  
Virtue is fine - but her virtue don't pay  
Girls have to get on in some other way - and -  
It's better than taking in washing.

Now, Madam Du Barry wrote home to her kin  
It's better than taking in washing  
Even the wives of King Henry gave in  
It's better than taking in washing.  
Adam and Eve had a permanent break  
Adam told Eve to go jump in the lake  
So he bit the apple and said to the snake,  
It's better than taking in washing.

Now, I make my living this funny old way  
If not, I'd be taking in washing.  
Singing all night and sleeping all day  
It's better than taking in washing.  
Though I may sing songs that are naughty, it's true  
And though you may blush at a line or two  
Kindly remember from my point of view,  
**IT'S BETTER THAN TAKING IN WASHING!**



TAKING IN WASHING



## ARAGON

### IT'S A GOOD THING COWS DON'T FLY.

I'm going to sing a little song it's a pretty little thing  
And when we reach the chorus I want you all to sing  
The words are very simple as easy as can be.  
Here it is, now everyone - all join in with me.

CHORUS: (after each verse)

It's a good thing cows don't fly - it's a good thing cows don't fly  
This world is full of so much bull, it's a good thing cows don't fly.

They say the canning industry is great throughout the land  
And men go out to Reno just to have some peaches canned  
The other day grandmother had to send for Doctor Keith  
She said grandfather bit her can when she sat on his false teeth.

I hear a cock-a-doodle crowin' to a bantam hen  
How can I cock-a-doodle if you wont let me in?  
A ringtail monkey in a cage with sly Miss Chimpanzee  
She said, now don't you start no monkey business here with me.

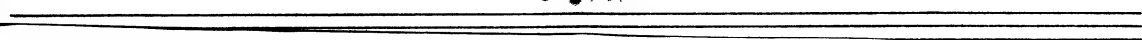
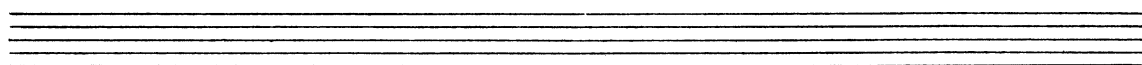
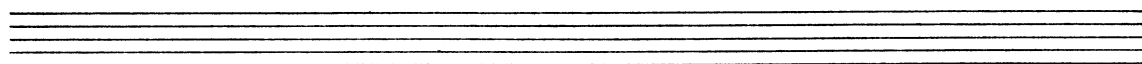
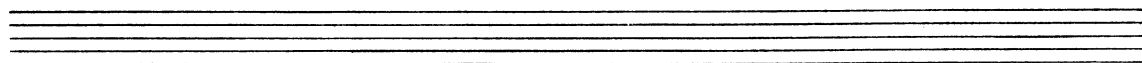
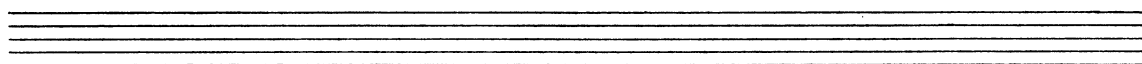
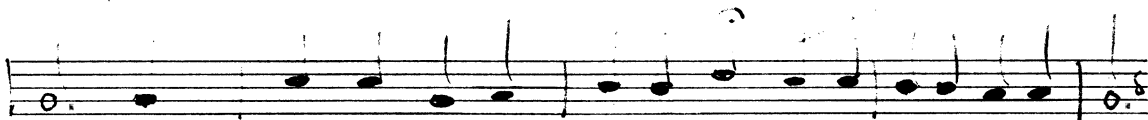
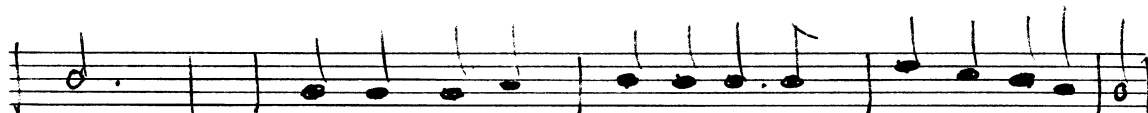
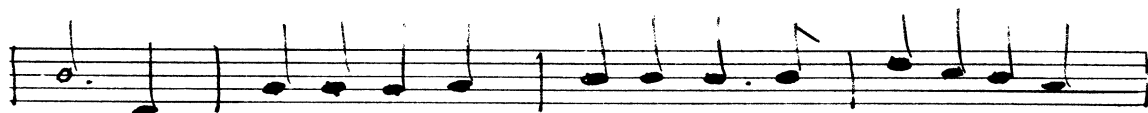
My sweetie's name is Helen Hunt at lovin' she's a hit  
For kisses sweet I always go to Hell-en Hunt for it.  
Her Auntie Jane has got a farm and there she lives at ease  
Because she always sits among her cabbages and peas.

I never saw old sittin' Bull, who was he anyhow?  
They tell me that he had a squaw, her name was Sittin' Cow  
(My gal while skatin', slipped and fell, the floor was slick as glass  
I asked her, did it hurt her much? She answered: Oh my yes.

COMEDY SONG- IT'S A GOOD THING COWS DONT FLY.



Voice.



I WONDER WILL SHE LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?

Verse.

I'M FEELING VERY WORRIED, THERE'S A SHADOW IN MY LIFE.  
It makes me so depressed, I can't get any rest.  
I used to be so happy and with a wifey had no strife,  
But last night going to bed, a strange thought came in my head.

Choruses.

I wonder will she love me when I'm old?  
When all my hair has fled, and I've got a smooth bald head,  
I wonder will her love grow cold.  
Will she think that I look weird as I stroke my long white beard  
Will she call me baby names when I'm too old for baby games.  
When I'm no longer dashing, gay and bold,  
When I'm feeble and rheumatic, will she stick me in the attic?  
Oh, I wonder will she love me when I'm old?

I wonder will she love me when I'm old?  
When I've lost the bloom of youth, and I've only got one tooth,  
I wonder will her love grow cold?  
When my face is creased and cracked, and the DRAFT BOARD say  
I'm whacked--  
Will she sit and hold my hand, when I've grown too weak to stand.  
When I'm no longer dashing, gay and bold.  
When in bed my back is bony, and her feet are cold and stony  
Oh, I wonder will she love me when I'm old.

I wonder will she love me when I'm old?  
When Bron-chi-tis makes me grun, will she rub me back and front?  
I wonder will her love grow cold?  
Will she whisper words so dear, down the trumpet in my ear,  
If I knit a woolen vest, to keep the night wind off my chest  
When I'm no longer dashing, gay and bold.  
Will she ever try to force me, to do wrong and then divorce me?  
Oh, I wonder will she love me when I'm old?

I WONDER WILL SHE LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD ?

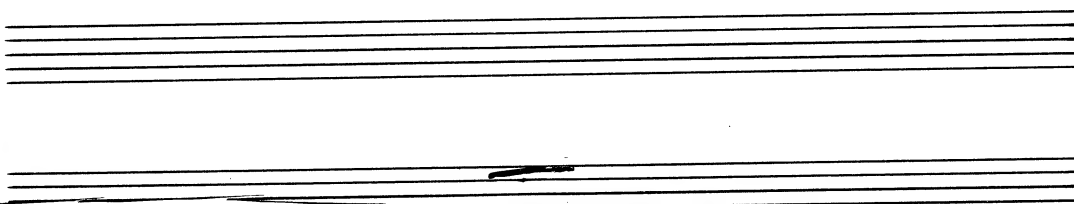
ARAGON

INTRO

VOICE

CHORUS

CHORUS



4 K E 5 — *aragon*

## The Automobile Song.

### Verse.

A couple once were seated in a little motor car  
They were sweethearts and they didn't care who knew  
They were holding hands together as the motor loudly roared  
And the price of gas went up to twenty-two.  
He was an automobile mechanic  
Working steady throughout the year  
And in terms of his profession  
He whispered in her ear.

### Chorus.

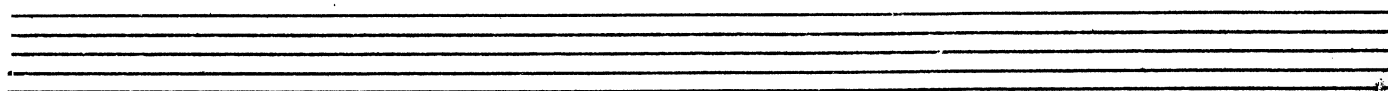
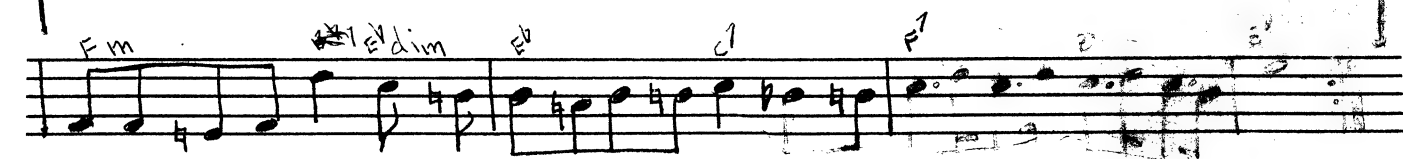
Will you love me when my carburator's busted, (huh?)  
Will you love me when I cannot shift my gears?  
Will you love me when I need a new condensor,  
When my clutch begins to slip will you shed tears?  
Will you love me when my battery needs recharging?  
Will you love me when my pump is on the blink? (by heck)  
When I haven't got a cent and my connecting rod is bent  
Will you love me when my flivver is a wreck?

### Chorus.

Will you love me when my vacuum cup is empty?  
Will you love me when my rear end's worn and torn?  
Will you love me when my rim-rod's old and rusty?  
Will you love me when I cannot blow my horn?  
Will you love me when my inner-tube is busted?  
Will you love me when my tank begins to leak? By heck!  
When the junkman says: "No use."  
And my nuts and bolts are loose --  
Will you love me when my flivver is a wreck.

Tootsy, wootsy - When my flivver is a wreck.

# "Automobile Song"



## ANNA'S BACK IN INDIANA NOW.

Verse.

Back in Indiana, there lived a girl named Anna  
Who said: "In pictures I know I'll be good."  
What I've got will surprise 'em, in fact I'll paralyze 'em.  
So when she arrived in Hollywood:---

Choruses.

Anna Said she was the Village Queen  
She had a lot of - you know what I mean.  
She surely was gigantic, full of little tricks romantic  
Her love scenes were the hottest ever seen  
Anna got a chauffer and a car  
She tried to act just like a Movie star.  
But no Taylor, Power or Gable ever sat down at her table  
They preferred to have their fun with Heddy Lamar.

Anna's hair was pink, her eyes were green  
She had a figure like I'd never seen  
She was so wide of girth, she could not get in a berth  
Only half of her was seen upon the screen  
Anna said: "I'll go for sex appeal  
I'll strip tease and show them something real."  
When she dropped the fan, like Sally's  
She was just all hills and valleys.  
Just imagine how the audience would feel.

So Anna's back in Indiana now  
She thought she'd be a riot and a wow -  
And she acted supercilious but her postures were the silliest  
By posing and pretending to know how.  
In "Tarzan" she finally got a bit  
She said: "At last I know I'll be a hit."  
But she was so short and chunky  
They mistook her for the monkey  
And everyong who saw her had a fit.

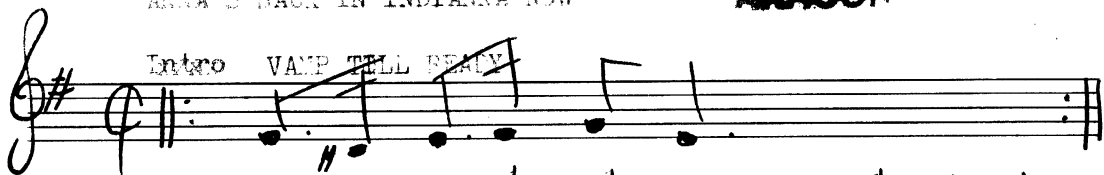
In the bathing scenes she wallowed like a scow  
Her esthetic dancing, that was a wow!  
On her chest there words were painted:  
COME ON BOYS LET'S GET ACQUAINTED!  
So Anna's back in Indiana now.  
Then Anna said: "I think I'll change my luck  
(sucker: No! No! not that!)  
I'll do the dance they call "The Dying Duck"  
When she said: she'd like a retake  
The Directors got a headache  
And said she was just another cluck.  
(slowly) So Anna's back in Indiana now.




ANNA'S BACK IN INDIANNA NOW

ARAGON

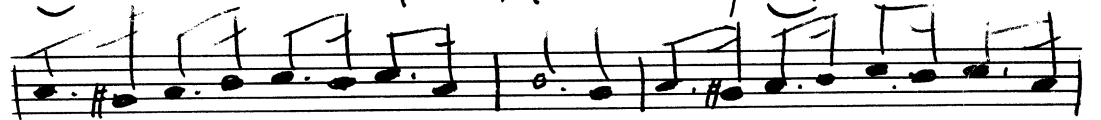
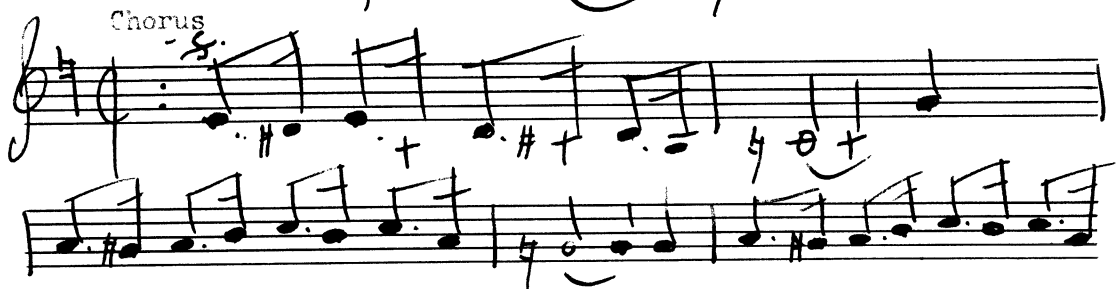
Intro VAMP TELL BEATLY



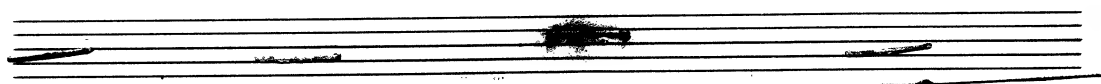

Voice



Chorus



( PLAY SLOWLY AFTER LAST CHORUS ONLY )



A BASSETT TO THE END.

ARAGON

(VERSE TO BE RECITED SLOWLY)

Boston has always been the seat of culture  
For generations it has held the lead  
The Beeches and the Cabots, the Lowells and the Bassetts  
The families that were most meticulous rather ridiculous, too.  
When they tell you how well their families are treed --  
Who's in the lead - My Friends! when it comes to forthright genealogy  
There are but two families who can go away back.  
But away back - and who have kept track  
They are the bluest of the back bays bluest blues.  
To YOU they are the zenith of society's social snobs  
To them the Cabots and the Lowells  
Oh my dear! Just SLOBS!  
Who are they: Who are they?  
Why they're the sons and daughters of the Beeches and the Bassetts.

(Play introduction or a chord.)

Chorus. (Lively tempo)

For the Sons of Beeches always marry Bassetts  
For a Bassett is a Bassett to the end.  
\* Though the Beeches have the assets, it's the Bassetts have the classe  
\* Beeches assets put the Bassetts on the mend.  
\* A Bassett never mingles with the masses  
To resort to that they'd never condescend  
But the Beeches have a chauffeur who's a Bassett girl's golpher!  
For a Bassett is a Bassett to the end.

For the sons of Beeches always marry Bassetts  
For a Bassett is a Bassett to the end.  
The great wealth they have amassed, it's the Beeches not the Bassetts  
Beeches assets put the Bassetts on the mend. (spoken: THEY THINK)  
In Pilgrim days the Bassetts were " John Alden."  
To Priscilla Dean, Mile Standish they did send.  
But Priscilla up and tossed them - for John Alden double-crossed them  
Oh a Bassett (spoken:0) is definitely a Bassett to the end.

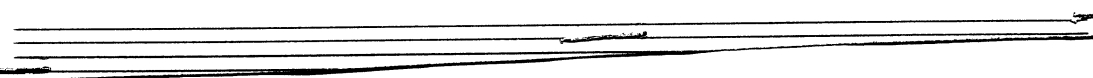
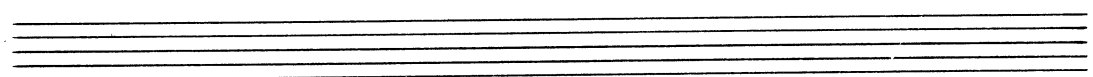
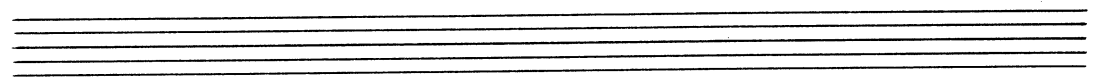
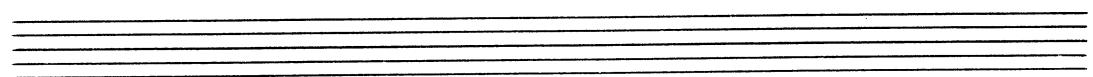
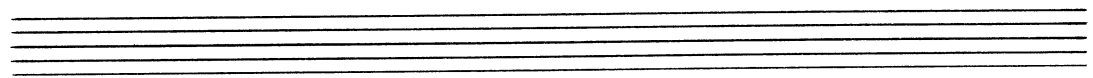
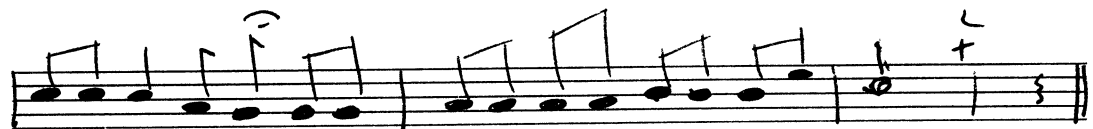
spoken: THE END.

## A BASSETT TO THE END

Intro



Music for Chorus



YOU CAN'T FIND A PLACE TO DO IT.

Recite:

Take your gal boating, start in floating  
You're looking for a place where you can't be seen  
She's hesitating, Oh, you don't mind waiting  
You know the red will turn to green.

You've got a reason the night is freezin'  
You couldn't go wrong if you only had a chance  
But you can't get goin' with that cold wind blowin'  
A rumble seat is no place for romance.

You wander here, wander there  
It finally looks like it's going to be swell  
You find a spot and you both get hot  
Then it starts to rain - so what the hell.

Sing:

First you get the girl, that's essential  
Then you get the urge to be confidential  
You're on the verge of being residential  
And you can't find a place to do it.

You go out in the park, the proper place for wooing  
Find a bench for two, with couples cooing  
You walk for miles and nothing doing,  
You can't find a place to do it.

Everything goin' just as you planned  
You've acquainted yourself with the lay of the land  
You've got the situation in the palm of your hand  
But you can't find a place to do it.

You've phoned your girl and there's no dissention  
Talked of this and that and not to mention  
You'd call the hotel but that's against convention  
And you can't find a place to do it.

You invite all your friends who are quite amusing  
And find your apartment they are abusing  
Three is a crowd but four is confusing  
You can't find a place to do it

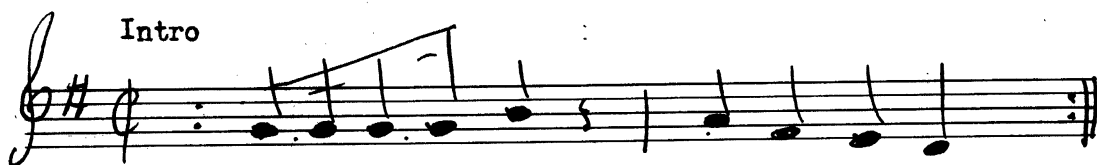
You take her home, nothin' else to do  
Her father yells down "Come up to bed, Sue"  
And that's what happens to me and you  
When you can't find a place to do it.

There isn't any name to this silly ditty  
But it seems a shame and an awful pity  
That with all the gals in this here city  
YOU CAN'T FIND A PLACE TO DO IT.

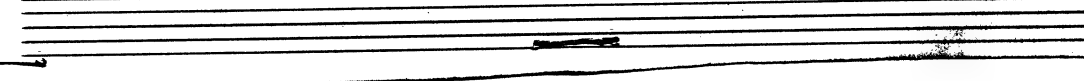
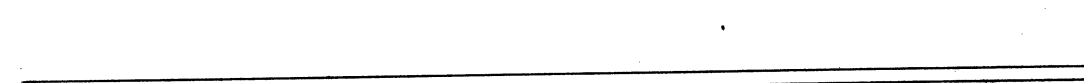
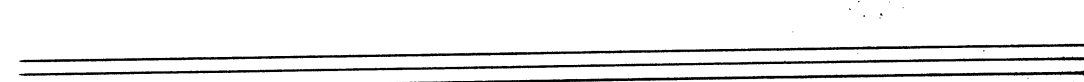
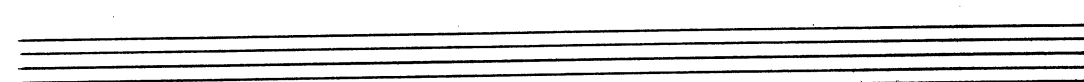
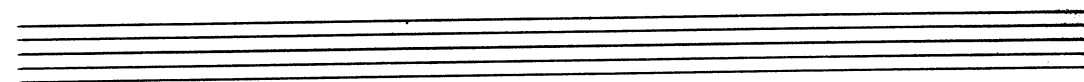
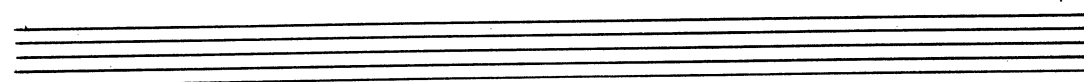
CAN'T FIND A PLACE

ARAGON

Intro



Voice



Gonna Dance With A Dolly.

As I was walking down the street,  
Down the street, down the street.  
I met somebody who was mighty sweet,  
Mighty fair to see.  
I asked her, would she like to have a talk,  
Make some talk, make some double talk.  
And all the fellows standing on the walk  
Wishing they were me.

Oh! mama, mama, let me dress up tonight,  
Dress up tonight, I wanna dress up tonight.  
I gotta a secret - gonna "fess" up tonight  
While I dance by the light of the moon.

CHORUS:

Gonna dance with a dolly  
With a hole in her stockin'  
While our knees keep a knockin'  
And our toes keep a rockin'  
Gonna dance with a dolly  
With a hole in her stockin'  
Gonna dance by the light of the moon.

I'm gonna Shim-sham-shimmy till the break of dawn,  
The break of dawn, the break of dawn.  
Won't come home till my money's gone  
So don't wait up for me.  
I'll have more kisses than a candy store,  
A candy store, a candy store.  
Sweeter than I've ever had before  
And still I'll cry for more.

Oh! mama, mama, put the cat out tonight,  
Cat out tonight, put the cat out tonight.  
I've worked all day, I'm gonna scat out tonight.  
Gonna dance by the light of the moon.

REPEAT CHORUS.

# "Dance With A Dolly"

Handwritten musical score for the song "Dance With A Dolly". The score is written on ten staves, each containing musical notation and handwritten chord symbols. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. The chords are as follows:

- Staff 1: Eb, Ab Eb, Bb, Ab Eb
- Staff 2: Ab Eb, Bb7, Eb Fm7, Bb7 Eb
- Staff 3: Ab Eb, Bb7, Ab Eb, Eb
- Staff 4: Bb, Eb, Eb7, Ab, Eb dim, Eb, Bb dim Bb
- Staff 5: Eb, Ab, Eb dim, Eb, F7
- Staff 6: Eb, Ab Eb, Bb7
- Staff 7: Eb, Eb, Ab Eb, Bb7
- Staff 8: Eb, Bb7, Eb

The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign, followed by two endings labeled "1." and "2.".

**Find Out What They Like.**

**Verse.**

She used to wonder right along  
Why she couldn't hold her man  
Ev'ry love affair went wrong  
Until she changed her plan.  
She's havin' no more trouble now  
Her daddy's nice as he can be  
Ladies I will tell you how  
That's if you'll take a tip from me.

**Chorus.**

Find out what they like, and how they like it.  
And let 'em have it, just that way.  
Give 'em what they want and when they want it  
Without a single word to say.

**(Catch lines)**

YOU'VE GOT TO CATER TO A MAN AND IF YOU DON'T  
HE'LL FINDSOME OTHER GAL TO DO THE THINGS YOU WON'T

Find out what they like, and how they like it  
And let 'em have it that way.

**Extra Catch lines for choruses.**

JUST USE MORE SUGAR IF HE SAYS YOUR JAM AIN'T SWEET  
OR HE WILL SNEAK FOR HIS DESERT - ACROSS THE STREET.

NOW YOU WILL LOSE HIM IF YOU GIVE HIM LOLLY POPS  
WHEN YOU KNOW HE IS ALMOST CRAZY FOR SOME CHOPS.

NOW IF HE CLAIMS HIS LODGE IS MEETING - EV'RY NIGHT  
IT MEANS YOU DO NOT HANDLE ALL YOUR BUSINESS RIGHT.



FIND OUT WHAT THEY LIKE

INTRO

VOICE

Musical notation for the Intro section, featuring a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some slurs and a sharp sign in the second measure.

CHORUS

Musical notation for the Chorus section, featuring a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some slurs and a sharp sign in the second measure.

Empty musical staves at the bottom of the page.

OH GRANDMA

SPOKEN: Impersonation of a young lady talking to her Grandma:  
Is that you Grandma? Well listen!

Sing Verse:

Oh Grandma you told me a story 'bout Little Red Riding Hood  
How she disobeyed her Mammy, and forgot to be good  
And a great big wolf nearly got her  
Now Grandma will you please tell Mammy that a rich old wolf has got her daughter

CHORUS

Oh Grandma--what a great, big, yacht he's got  
It's as big as a Staten Island ferry boat--  
Oh Grandma what a great, big, car he's got  
With the nicest looking chauffeur, just the kind that I could go fer,  
Now the wolf is old, the chauffeur's young, Oh me oh my,  
But the wolf has gold the chauffeur none, wouldn't that make you cry!  
And oh dear Grandma, I'm asking you, what should I do,  
Should I chase the chauffeur and let the wolfer inside of my door?

Chorus

Oh Grandma, what a great, big, house he's got  
He's a rich old son of a multimillionaire,  
Oh, Grandma--what a great, big, business he's got  
And if I'm a very good girl he said, "He'd give me the BUSINESS!  
Now the wolf is rich, the chauffeur's young, Oh me oh my.  
But the wolf writes checks, the chauffeur necks, and helps me spend my check  
And oh, Grandma--I'm asking you what should I do--  
Should I chase the chauffeur and let the wolf inside of my door?

Spoken: And oh Grandma, he's going to give me a fox, Oh no, Grandma  
a genuine silver fox--

Sing last two lines of chorus:

And oh, Grandma, I'm asking you what should I do  
Wouldn't I be a fool to chase the wolf away from my door?

---

OH GRANDMA .

# ARAGON

Intro

Voice

Chorus

EVERYONE'S KISSING MY FANNY.

Verse.

His Fanny was heartless, and all over town  
Everyone's saying that she threw him down.  
Fanny's becoming a gad-about  
And that's why he keeps shouting out.

Chorus.

Oh everyone's kissin' my Fanny  
But nobody's kissin' me---  
It's surely gettin' my nanny  
The was she keeps treatin' me.  
Oh, everyone thinks it's uncanny  
That we two have drifted far apart.  
For everyone's kissin' my Fanny  
And that's what's breakin' my heart.

Chorus.

Everyone's kissin' my Fanny  
And I don't know what to say  
I didn't know my little Fanny  
Attracted attention that way.  
Oh, there's not a nook or a cranny  
Where you can't hear folks say - to be smart  
That everyone's kissin' my Fanny  
And that's what's breakin' my heart.

Gag:

What is the difference between Funny and Fanny?

Well, you can be funny without looking at Fanny, but  
you can't look at Fanny without fellin' funny.

EVERYONE'S KISSIN' MY FANNY

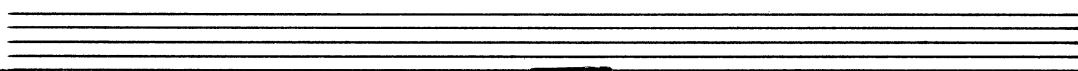
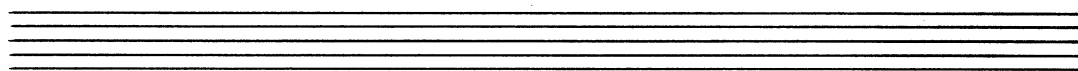
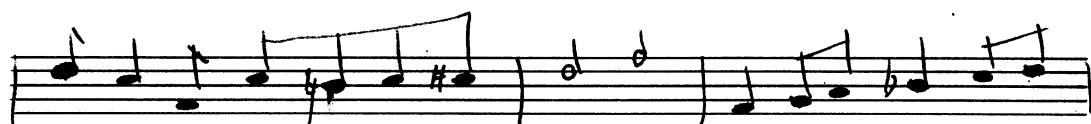
Intro



Voice



Oh



aroyo

DOODLE DO DO.

Please play for me that sweet melody called

Doodle do do - Doodle do do.

I like the rest but what I like best is

Doodle do do - Doodle do do.

Simplest thing, there isn't must to it

You don't have to sing just doodle do do it.

I love it so - where ever I go I just

Doodle do doodle do do.

-o-

-o-

-o-

-o-

Miss Anna Snow went out with a show

Called Doodle Do Do. Doodle Do Do.

She made a hit by singing a bit

In Doodle Do. Do. Doodle Do Do.

Twenty a week, that's all there was to it.

How in the world did she manage to do it.

She bought a Rolls-Royce - not with her voice,

But with her Doodle do Doodle do do.

D.C.

Aragon

# "Doodle Do Do"

Handwritten musical score for the song "Doodle Do Do". The score is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes. Chord symbols are written above the staff: G, A7, and D7. The second staff continues the melody with chord symbols G and C. The third staff continues the melody with chord symbols G, E7, and A7. The fourth staff begins with a D7 chord symbol and a first ending bracket labeled "1. G" and "2. G". The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

## SAILOR DITTY

### "THE FLEET'S IN"

#### Verse

Now a sailor's life is a happy life  
Has a girl in each port but not a wife  
Every place he hangs his hat  
He finds welcome on the mat.  
Though he's weary when those trips begin;  
What a difference when those ships come in.

#### Chorus

When those ships anchor in the bay  
You'll find there'll soon be hell to pay  
Hooray! Hooray! the fleet is in to-day.  
I hope that you've not mis-con-strued--  
They've just come in to get-----Tattooed!  
Hooray Hooray! the fleet is in to-day.  
The sailors may go rowing in the lake that's in the park  
But that rowing gag is finished just as soon as it gets dark .  
And those flags wavin' in the breeze--  
Are just the captain's B. V.D.'s--  
Hooray! Hooray! the fleet is in to-day.

#### 2nd Chorus

The Captain and the lowest tar  
Start headin' for the nearest bar--  
Hooray! Hooray! the Fleet is in today  
The gals know when they're all on leave!--  
IT' S MUCH BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE'.  
Hooray! Hooray! the fleet is in today.  
The sailors have a dam good time,  
And then they sail away--  
Their girl friends have a good time too-!  
THEY COUNT THE DAYS AND PRAY .  
And then they turn around you see--  
AND BLAME IT ON SOME GUY LIKE ME!  
Hooray! Hooray! the fleet is in today.

---



THE FLEET'S IN

ARAGON

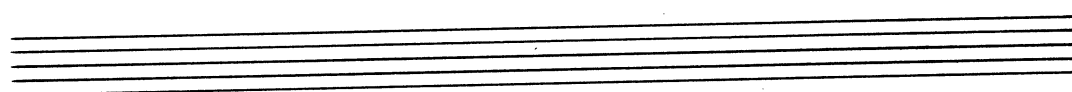
Intro Lively



Voice



Chorus lively



## THE FULLER BRUSH MAN.

### Verse.

I know a gal that's gay as can be,  
She never frowns all day --  
For she's expecting every afternoon at two  
Someone who - can chase her blues away,  
She never worried 'bout any old thing,  
But just listen in and you will hear her sing.

### Chorus.

I listen for the bell, I primp and powder so,  
I know his footsteps well, in case you do not know,  
I've got a crush, I've got a crush on the Fuller Brush man  
He shows me all his samples, and looks so wonderous wise,  
That I can't even listen when he looks into my eyes.  
I've got a crush, I've got a crush on the Fuller Brush man.  
He told me of a certain brush that sure sounds great,  
For when you're in the tub--  
To give you're back a scrub -  
Saturday is coming but I just can't wait,  
'Cause that's when he promised that he'd demonstrate,  
Now he hasn't a moustache, he's bald as he can be,  
But the whiskers on his brushes, - they're good enough for me,  
I've got a crush, I've got a crush on the Fuller Brush man!

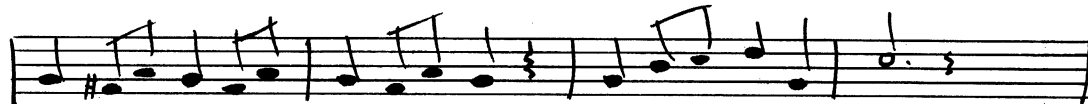
### Chorus.

He takes me in his - confidence, he holds me in his - a spell,  
He toys with my - emotions, Oh, he makes me feel like, well!  
I've got a crush, I've got a crush on the Fuller Brush man.  
With everything he demonstrates, he gives a guarantee,  
That it will last for forty years, that's long enough for me.  
I've got a crush, so help me, on the Fuller Brush man!  
He gives away a prize for every brush I've bought,  
For one as small as this, he give a little kiss,  
It won't be long before, my precious bank roll's shot.  
For I'm goin to buy the biggest broom he's got.  
Now he's got a brush that tickles and he's got a brush that hurts,  
And he's got a special one that I think is the nerts.  
I've got a crush, Oh what a crush on the Fuller Brush Man!

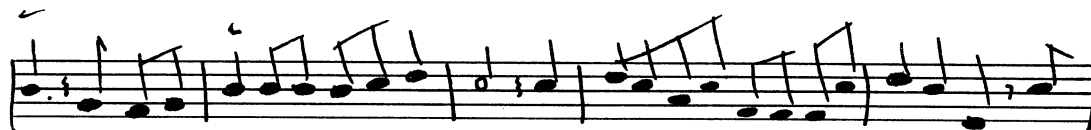
THE FULLER BRUSH MAN

Intro

KEEP



CHORUS



FOR MEN ONLY.

Verse.

I got a letter from a girl acquaintance of mine  
In business up in Harlem way  
All indications go to show that she's doin' fine  
This is what she had to say:

Choruss.

What I've got, is for men only, and guaranteed to sarisfy  
What I've got goes for men only, my sales are large you can't deny.  
The more they get the more they want, it sure is nice  
To have a store where they don't kick about the price.  
What I've got is for men only, the kind of goods they're glad to buy.

Chorus.

What I've got is for men only, that's if they lay it on the line  
All my stocks is for men only, and what I've got is mighty fine  
Shirts and collars, underwear and socks and ties  
Suits and hats and overcoats of ev'ry size  
What I've got is for men only, that's if they lay it on the line.

Chorus.

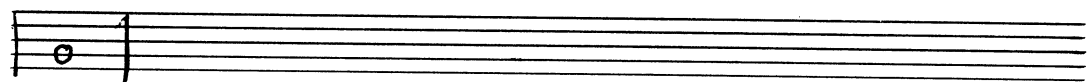
What I've got is for men only, you ought to see them stand in line  
All my stock is for men only, and I do business rain or shine  
What I've got has made them come for miles around  
I've the finest haberdashery store in town  
What I've got is for men only, I've nothin' in the female line.

FOR MEN ONLY

Intro



Voice



CHORUS



## HE WAS TIRED OF MOUNTAIN WOMEN.

### Verse.

In the hills of Old Kentucky lived a mountaineer so husky  
That the mountain girls pursued him by the score.  
But he seemed to be a hermit, that's the only way to term it,  
Here's the reason why he turned them from his door.

### Chorus.

He was tired of mountain women. He was tired of maountain women  
He was tired of mountain women night and day.  
Had his fill of open spaces, had his thoughts on tighter places  
So one day he hopped a rattler for Broadway.

### Verse.

When he landed in the city, very soon he spied a pretty  
He said: "City Gal, now you're the one for me  
So he walked in her direction, tried to make a new connection  
And the reason was as plain as A. B. C.

### Chorus.

He was tired of mountain women. He was tired of mountain women  
Oh it wasn't hard to understand his plight.  
You must have a change of venue, just the same's as on a menu  
For you can't eat steak for dinner every night.

### Verse.

Well, the city gal coquetted, but her appetite was wetted  
So she fooled around and played with something new.  
But to her complete amazement, she discovered as the days went  
He got tired of fancy city women too.

### Chorus.

He was tired of mountain women, he was tired of City women  
It was just the same where ever he did fall.  
And the truth of it be sated was, he simply couldn't take it.  
No - he couldn't take it any place at all.

### Verse.

So just like a worn out gavel, to the country he did travel  
To the mountains he retired, so I'm told.  
Lived in an old time diner, and became a wealthy miner  
He was happy with his little bag of gold.

### Chorus.

He was tired of mountain women, fed up with City women  
He decided he would always live alone.  
And to spare the gal's illusion, he swallowed up in seclusion  
Proving that a mountaineer can hold his own!

HE WAS TIRED OF MOUNTAIN WOMEN

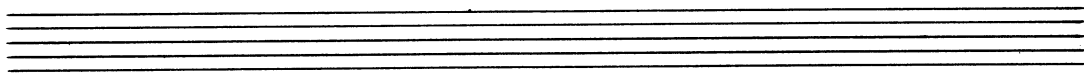
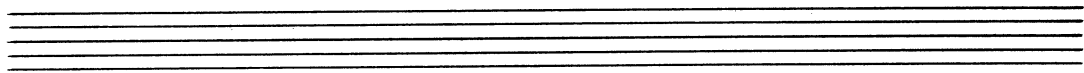
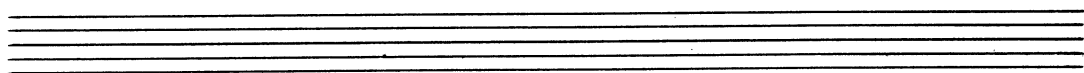
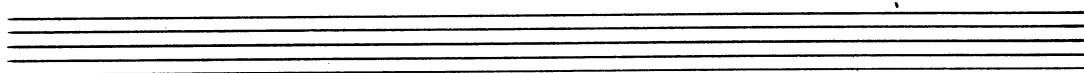
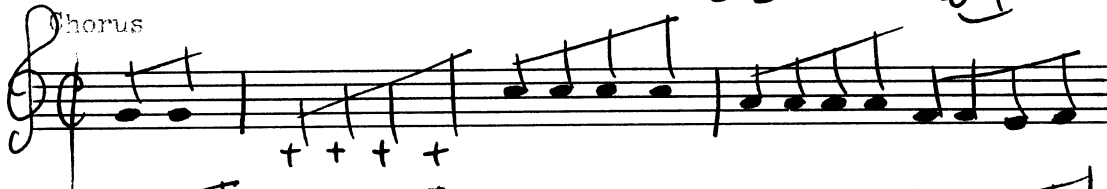
Intro



Voice



Chorus



## HORSIE, KEEP YOUR TAIL UP.

### Verse.

Cabbie Jones had a "Charlie" horse, his age was forty two  
Ev'ry day when the sun would shine, you could hear old Charlie whine  
Give me oat-sies, give me hay, anything will do  
Cabbie Jones Said: "Charlie boy, all I ask of you"

### Choruses.

Horsie, keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up  
Keep the sun out of my eyes.  
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up  
Never mind about the flies  
Each bird up in the tree top high  
Begins to sing as we pass by  
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up  
Keep the sun out of my eyes.

Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up  
Keep it up and show your pride  
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up  
There's a bride and groom inside  
He mused the bride, she mused the groom  
They made my cab a mushy room  
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up  
Keep the sun out of my eyes.

Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up  
Like a banner in the sky  
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up  
There's an absent minded guy  
He took one look at my old hoss  
Said: "That reminds me, phone the boss."  
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up  
Keep the sun out of my eyes.



HORSEY , KEEP YOUR TAIL UP

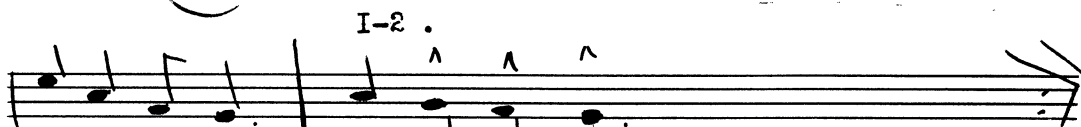
Intro



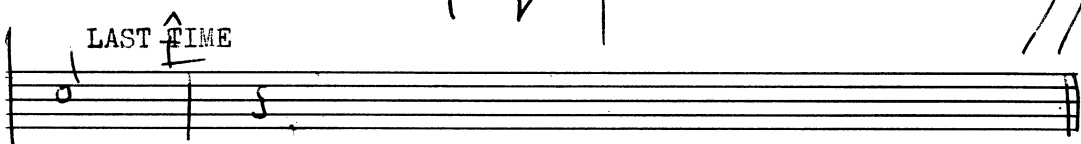
Voice



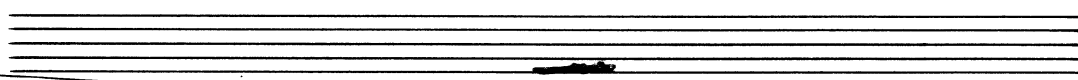
CHORUS



I-2 .



LAST TIME



## THE HORSE WITH THE HANSOM BEHIND.

Oh the girl was a beauty but sad was her eye,  
As the grand hansom carriage went dashingly by.  
But I couldn't help seeing her eyes filled with brine  
As she rode with the horse with the hansom behind.

Oh, the fellow beside her was agin and grey,  
Yet he leaned up beside her and I heard him say  
If you will but wed me if you will be mine  
I will give you the horse with the hansom behind.

Though she was a proud beauty and still very young  
And the man was a viper who should have been hung  
I observed that she kissed him in a manner so fine  
As they touched up the horse with the hansom behind.

Oh, she once had a mother who loved her so dear  
And that darling old mother sheds many a tear  
As she murmurs, "Be careful! sweet daughter of mine  
Of the man with the horse with the hansom behind."

But the daughter was wayward - her footsteps did stray  
From the straight narrow path and the innocent way  
For her turbulent nature was always inclined  
Toward the man with the hansom behind.

Now the damsel is old and the damsel is grey  
She is wrinkled and tattered what more can I say  
But here is a lesson I need not remind  
Stay 'way from the horse with the hansom behind.

Oh, the long years have hurried the long years have gone  
And I sit alone with my sad mournful song  
Thought I never have met her I always will pine  
For the girl with the horse with the hansom behind.

# HORSE WITH THE HANSOM BEHIND

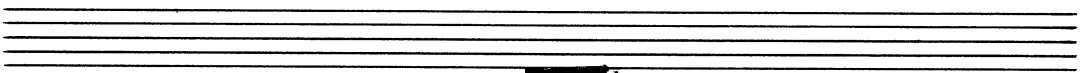
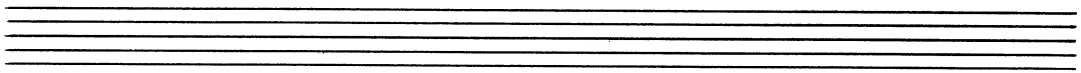
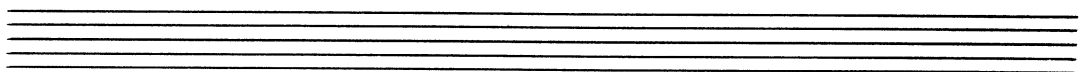
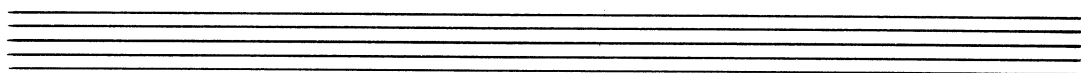
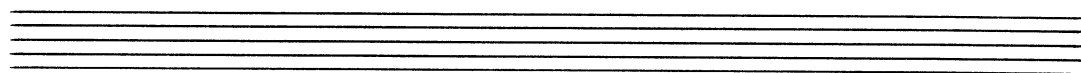
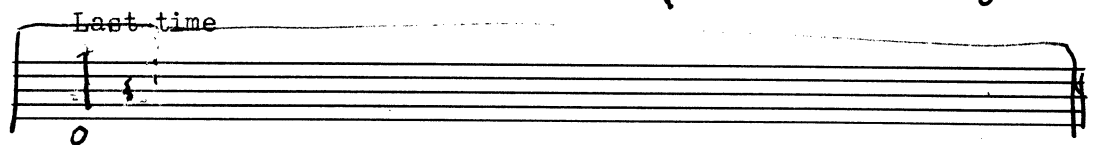
Intro



Voice



Last time



*aragon* - Fb

ISLE OF CAPRI.

'Twas on the isle of Capri that I found her  
Beneath the shade of an old walnut tree.  
Oh, I can still see the clouds floating 'round her  
When we met on the Isle of Capri.

She was as sweet as the rose in the dawning.

But somehow fate hadn't meant her for me

And tho' I sailed with the dawn in the morning

Still my heart's on the Isle of Capri.

Summertime was nearly over - Blue Italian skie above

I said: "Lady, I'm a rover, can you spare a sweet word of love?"

She whispered softly: "It's best not to linger,"

And as I kissed her sweet hand I could see

She wore a plain golden band on her finger

'Twas goodbye on the Isle of Capri.

A B C

crayon

# Isle of Capri

The musical score is handwritten on ten staves. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is written in a simple, accessible style. Chord symbols are written above the notes: F, C7, F, Bb, F, Dm, F, C7, F. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Twas on a pile of debris that I found her, She was  
plastered as plastered could be And you could smell gin for ten feet When we  
met on that pile of debris Oh I was tight but I know she was And we both  
were as soused as could be tighter, On I was tired so I lay down beside her, When we  
met on that terrible spree. I could hear the lady mutter As she softly  
shed a tear This is my own private gutter What the hell are you doing here  
But when the cops found us both in the morning, We were friends it was easy  
to see, Hand in hand passed out cold in the dawning, Palsy walsies on that pile  
of debris.

*aragon*

I'M KEEPING IT FOR YOU.

45  
We know a musician, his name was Joe.  
Got caught in the draft and had to go.  
And as he took his mama to the train that night  
Said: "Goodbye, baby, don't forget to write.  
I can't take it with me, you know that's a fact,  
So please keep it for me until I get back."  
So pretty soon he got a note.  
And this is what she wrote:

CHORUS.

I'm keeping it for you just as you left it  
No one has touched it but you.  
I'm keeping it covered - out of sight -  
Just like you told me to.  
Now a man came around and tried to take it last night  
And to keep it for you, I had a terrible fight.  
I'm keeping it for you just as you left it  
No one has touched it but you --- I mean your liquor -  
No one has touched it but you.

Arayon

# "I'm Keeping It For You"

Handwritten musical score for "I'm Keeping It For You" by Arayon. The score is written on seven staves in 4/4 time. It includes a treble clef and various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and chords. Chord symbols are written above the notes, including F, Fdim, C7, F, Bb, D7, G7, Bbm, and F7. There are also triplets and a double bar line with repeat dots. The paper is aged and has three binder holes on the left side.

I HAVE A TOUGH TIME TELLING YOU FROM MY OLD GAL.

Verse.

I've seen people who resemble others  
Many cases that I can't forget  
I've seen strangers who look just like brothers  
But, of all the people that I've met -----

Choruses.

I have a tough time telling you from my old gal  
I have a tough time telling you from my old pal  
She used to walk like you, she used to talk like you  
When I'd break a date, or come late, she used to squawk like you  
Although her lover was false, she was a real sweet soul.  
In spite of all her faults, I loved her as a whole  
She was cute kid, real class  
And I went like a sailor for that shapely lass  
I must admit that you're the dead spit of my Sal  
I have a tough time telling you from my old gal.

I have a tough time telling you from my old gal  
I have a tough time telling you from my old pal.  
I can't forget the night we met, twas love at sight  
Our affair began with a bang, and ended with a fight.  
She had a skin like yours, the skin you love to touch  
And if you touched it once, you loved it twice as much  
She had the same for, same grace  
Appendix operation in the same old place  
I tell you what, you've got me in a spot, old pal  
I have a tough time telling you from my old gal.

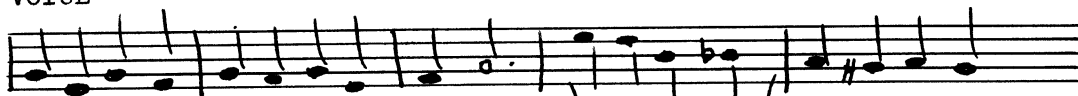


# I HAVE A TOUGH TIME

## INTRO



## VOICE



## CHORUS



ARAGON

I'M STUCK IN A STUCCO IN THE STICKS.

Verse.

Tillie said: I had ambitions to wed a millionaire  
To travel and to have a lovely time.  
But somehow my inhibitions got tabgled up somewhere  
I'm married and I haven't got a dime.

Chorus.

You can't blame me if love's refrain  
Seeped right into my simple brain.  
But here's the reason I complain  
I'm stuck in a stucco in the sticks  
I dreamed of cocktails and hors D'oeuvres.  
Of Caviar and French preserves  
Now corn beef hash gets on my nerves  
I'm stuck in a stucco in the sticks.  
I thought I'd have cars and chauffeurs  
Pal around with wealthy loafers  
But instead my pals are Gophers and wood ticks.  
I thought I'd have easy pickin's  
Steppin' out to raise the dickens  
But I'm here among the chickens - and the Hicks.  
I planned a life so wild and free  
But now, that's just a memory  
I'll have to raise a family  
I'm stuck in a stucco in the sticks.

I dreamed of champagne that would flow  
The gan all singing "Hi-De-Ho."  
Instead I hear the roosters crow  
I'm stuck in a stucco in the sticks.  
I thought I'd hear the opera stars  
And someone strumming soft guitars  
Now frogs and crickets chant the bars  
I'm stuck in a stucco in the sticks.  
I would say, with voice so brittle  
Fame and fortune I will whittle  
When I show the folks my little bad of tricks.  
But my big surprise came later  
I found my accelerator  
Was a worn out incubator - full of shicks  
I dreamed of someone ~~mmm~~ bending low  
To kiss my hand but that ain't so  
A Jersey cow's my Gigolo  
I'm stuck in the sticks with the Hicks.

spoken: Hell I'm just stuck.

I'M STUCK IN A STUCCO IN THE STICKS

ARAGON



Carl Fischer, Inc. New York.  
No. 117-12 lines.  
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

anyone

## I Want my Rib

A long long time ago, as every one should know  
While Adam slept beneath an apple tree,  
The angels came they say and took one rib away  
And made a woman of it for Adam's company.  
I had an X-ray taken and the Doctor said to me,  
That I had one rib missing in my anatomy.

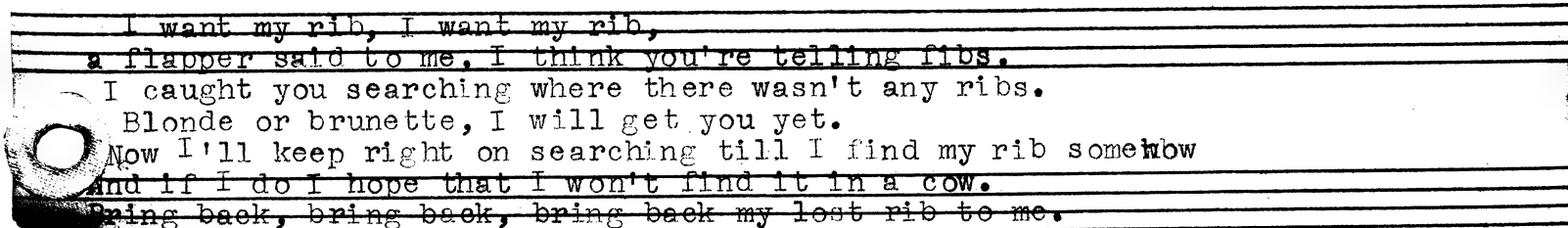
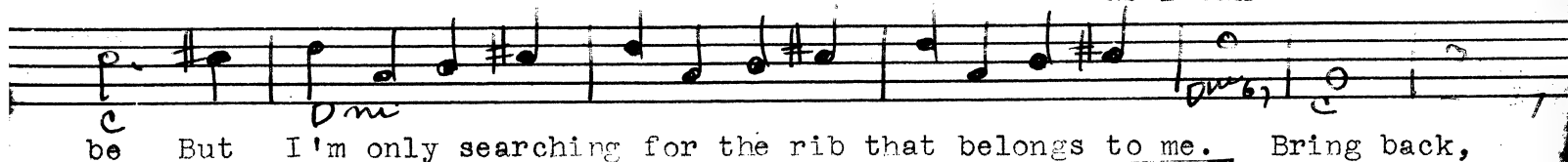
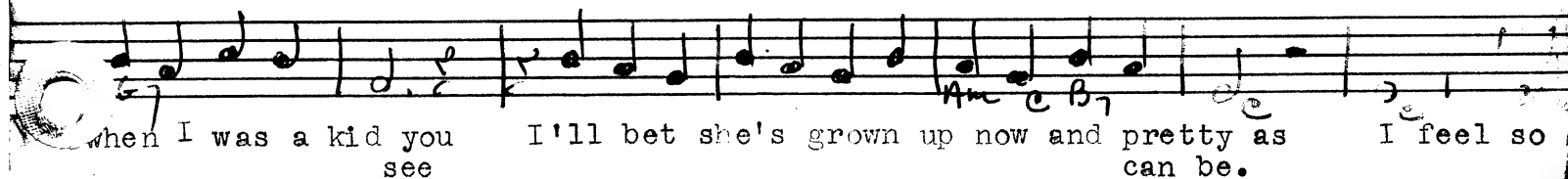
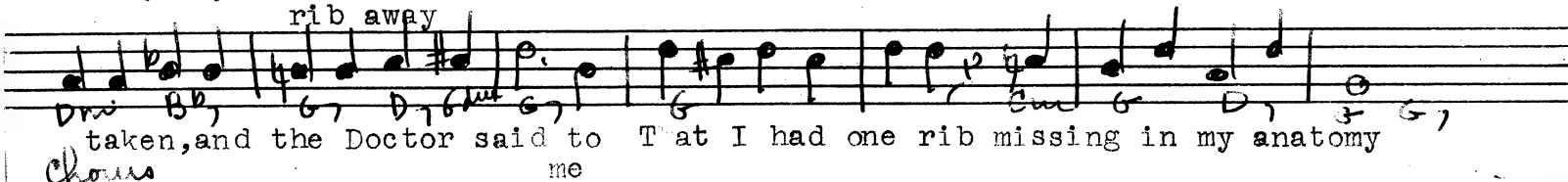
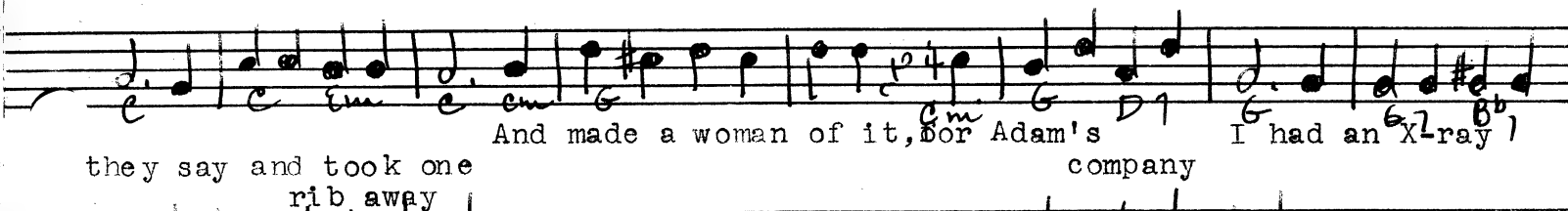
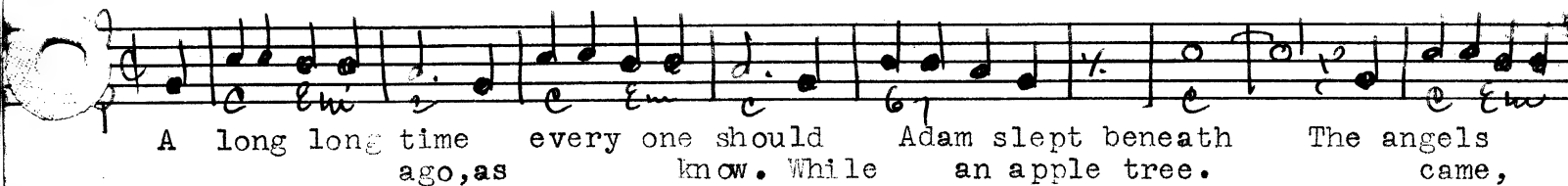
### Chorus.

I want my rib, I want my rib,  
They stole it from me when I was a kid you see,  
I'll bet she's grown up now and pretty as can be  
I feel so sad, want my rib so bad  
Now every girl I dance with says I'm fresh as I can be  
But I'm only searching for the rib that belongs to me.  
Bring back, bring back, bring back my lost rib to me.

I want my rib, I want my rib,  
A flapper said to me, I think you're telling fibs  
I caught you searching where there wasn't any rib.  
Blonde or brunette, I will get you yet.  
Now I'll keep right on searching till I find my rib somehow  
And if I do I hope that I won't find it in a cow.  
Bring back, bring back, bring back my lost rib to me.

# I want my Rib

avogon



IF YOU CAN'T GET FIVE, TAKE TWO

Verse-

Sa-die's got a little store, way down in Car-o-line;  
Other stores are closing up, but Sadie's doin' fine,  
Other girlies wonder how - she sells her merchandise,  
When they ask her to explain - she gives them this advise;

Chorus

Go out and sell your fish, let 'em bargain if you wish,  
And give 'em all a special sale on stew;  
Meat gets older ev'ry hour they won't buy it when it's sour,  
If you can't get five, take two.

Chorus

Go out and sell your fish, let 'em bargain if you wish,  
When Tuesday past and Friday's past, you're through;  
Since you know they're gonna smell it, while its's  
fresh you'd better sell it.

If you can't get five - take two.

Chorus-

Just make them understand, you want money in the hand,  
Just guarantee your stuff is good as new,  
You can let 'em see and feel it, just as long as they  
don't steal it.  
If you can't get five, take two.

Chorus

Show them everything you've got, make 'em buy it  
while it's hot  
Each day you must increase your revenue,  
Ev'ry customer who buys it, only helps to advertise it,  
If you can't get five, take two.

Chorus

You'll not be in the red, if you learn to use your head,  
And do what all the clever salesmen do -  
You must think of your position, you've got plenty  
competition,  
If you can't get five - take two.

---

# ARAGON

If you can't Get 5

Handwritten musical score for the song "If you can't Get 5" by ARAGON. The score is written on six staves, with the first four staves containing the main melody and the last two staves containing a chorus section. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines, along with handwritten lyrics and chord markings.

**Staff 1:** Melody line starting with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. Chords marked above the staff include C, G7, C, G7, C, and G7. The word "Versa" is written above the staff.

**Staff 2:** Continuation of the melody. Chords marked above the staff include C, G, D7, G, and C.

**Staff 3:** Continuation of the melody. Chords marked above the staff include G7, C, G, and D7.

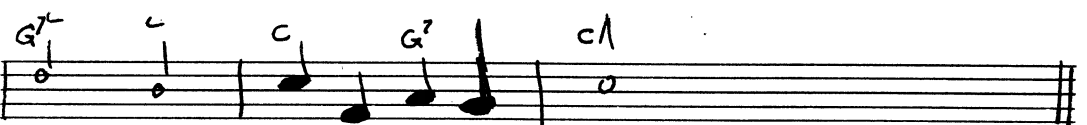
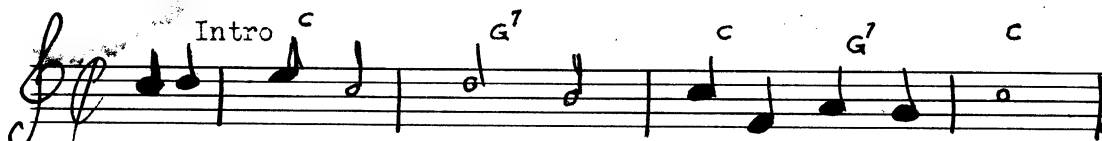
**Staff 4:** Continuation of the melody. Chords marked above the staff include G, C, F, and C. The word "Cho." is written above the staff.

**Staff 5:** Continuation of the melody. Chords marked above the staff include G7, C, C7, F, and C.

**Staff 6:** Continuation of the melody. Chords marked above the staff include G7, C, G7, and C.

# IF YOU CAN'T GET FIVE

AMALGON





*anyon*  
~~AMIE~~ McPHERSON.

Have you ever heard the story of Amie McPherson,  
Amie McPherson, that wonderful person?  
She weighs one-eighty, her hair is red  
And she preached a wicked sermon so the papers all said.

Amie built herself a radio station  
To broadcast her preachin' all over the nation.  
She found herself a man, who knew enough  
To run the radio, while Amie did her stuff.

Amie held a meeting down at Ocean Park.  
Preached from early mornin' 'till after dark.  
Said the benediction, folded up her tent  
And nobody knows where Amie went.

Amie's disappearance was front page news,  
And thousands of people started offering clues.  
She returned next day, nobody knows how,  
With a smile on her face like a contented cow.

Amie told her story to the district attorney.  
Said she had been kidnapped on a lonesome journey;  
Said she had been kidnapped on a lonesome trail.  
And in spite of all the questions, Amie stuck to her tale.

They found a cottage down at Carmel-by the-Sea.  
Where the liquor was expensive but the lovin' was free.  
In the cottage was a stove and a breakfast nook,  
And a folding bed, with a worn-out look.

They examined the stove and the breakfast nook.  
They examined the bed with the worn-out look.  
Slats were busted - springs were loose,  
And the dents in the mattress fitted Amie's caboose.

Radio Ray is a goin' hound - he's goin' yet cause he aint been  
They got his discription, but they got it too late. found.  
'Cause since they last saw him, he has lost a lot of weight.

I'm gonna end my story in the usual way  
About the lady preacher's holiday.  
If you don't get the moral, then you're the one for me.  
'Cause there's lots more cottages down at Carmel-by-the-sea.

unvo

# "Amie McPherson"

Handwritten musical score for "Amie McPherson". The score is written on a single staff in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols are written above the staff: Em, Am, Em, B7, Em, B7, Em, Am, Em, Am, Em, B7, Em, B7, Em, Am, Em, B7, Em, B7, Em. The score ends with a double bar line.

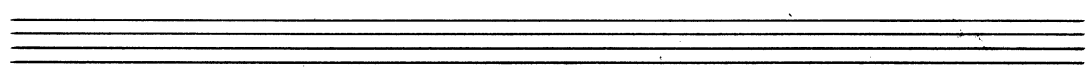
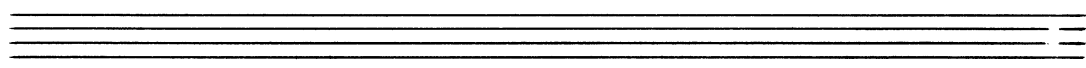
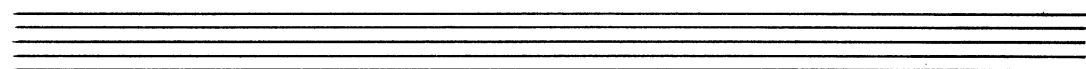
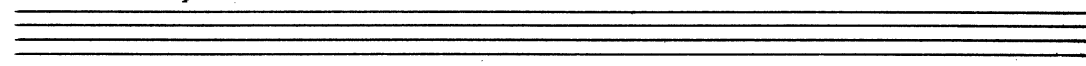
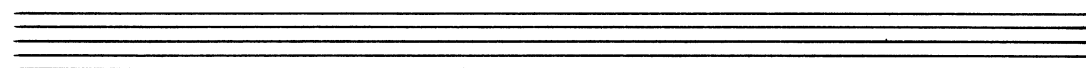
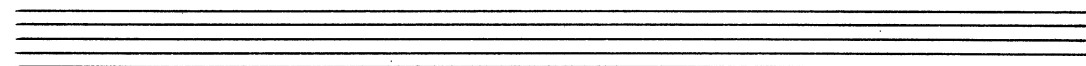
F 12  
INTRO

DIRTY GERTIE GLYNN

ARAGON



VOICE



Carl Fischer, Inc. New York.  
No. 117-12 lines.

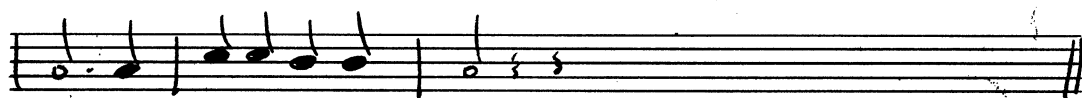
STANDARD B&B

LET ME HAVE YOUR LITTLE HEINIE ARAGON

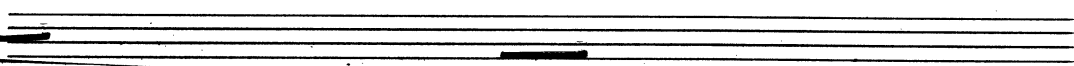
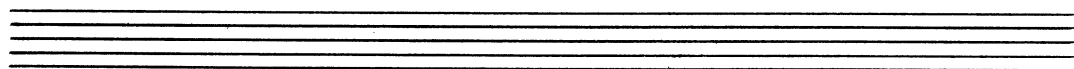
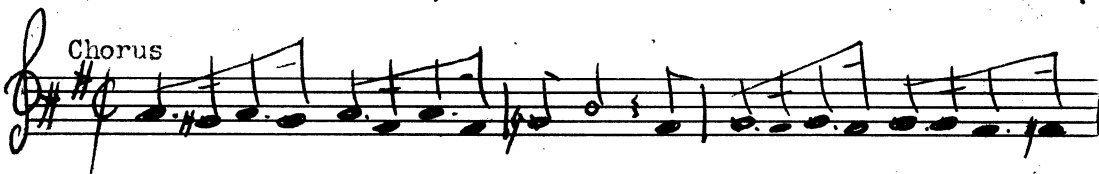
Intro



Verse



Chorus

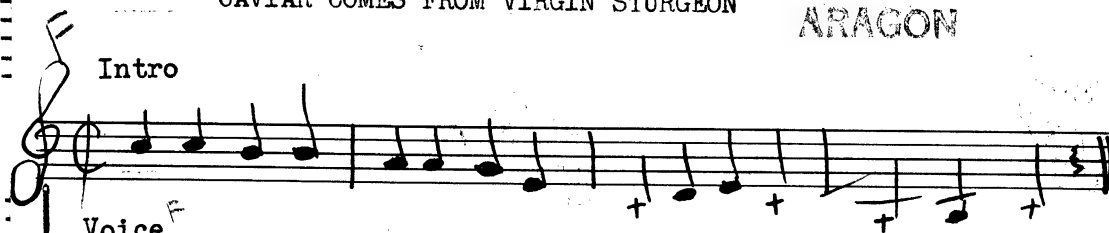


STANDARD B & B "NOTES"

CAVIAR COMES FROM VIRGIN STURGEON

ARAGON

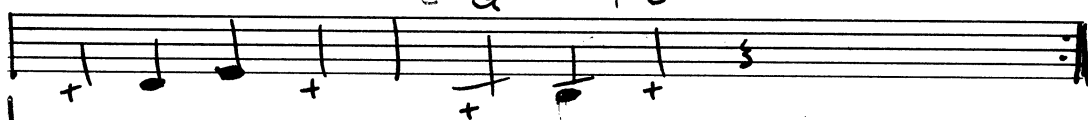
Intro



Voice



$C^1$   $G^7$   $F C$



After each Verse .



DAPPER DAN - THE MUSTACHE SONG

ARAGON

Intro

Voice



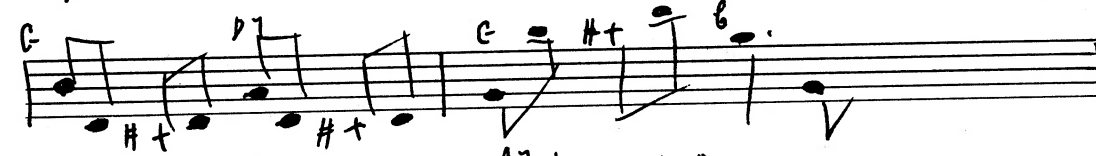
HEAVEN WILL PROTECT

ARAGON

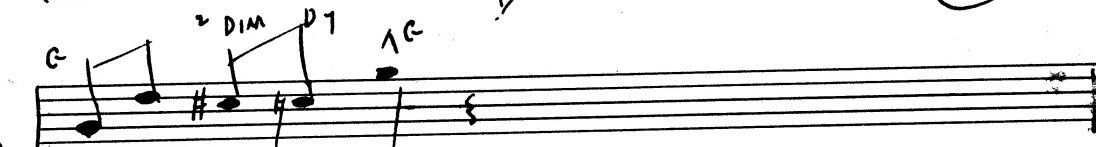
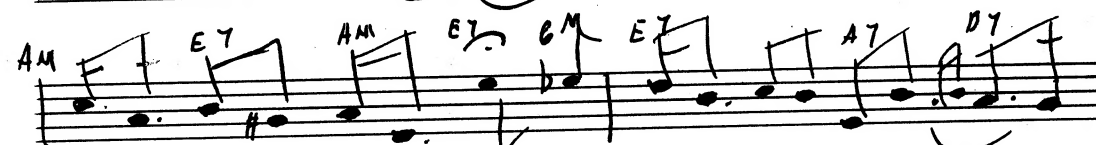
INTRO



VOICE



CHORUS



OH FOR GOODNESS SAKE- THE DENTAL SONG

ADAGIO

INTRO



VOICE 8.



To Voice .





## SOMETIME.

Sometime to every lonely one  
Someone comes along.  
Somewhere there is an only one  
Singing love's old song.  
The gray skies above you  
Will change to fairest blue.  
Sometime someone will whisper  
"I love you, love you, too."

## A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN.

It's only a shanty in old shanty town  
The roof is so slanty it touches the ground  
Just a tumbled down shack by the old railroad track  
Like a millionaire's mansion, is calling me back.  
There's a queen waiting there with a slivery crown  
In that shaty in old shanty town

I'd give up my palace if I were a king  
For it's more than a palace, it's my everything.

4  
MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

My wild Irish Rose  
The sweetest flower that grows  
You may search everywhere  
But none can compare  
With my wild Irish rose  
My Wild Irish Rose  
The dearest flower that grows  
And someday for my sake  
She may let me take  
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

## WHO'S HONEY ARE YOU?

Who's honey are you?  
Who's tea do you sweeten?  
Who's sugar and spice 'n everything nice  
Depend on you?  
Who's honey are you? Who's dream you completin'?  
Who goes for those eyes like sugar plum pies?  
Who's honey are you?  
You've got a tiny little touch of heaven  
In your finger tips  
You've got all the rest of heaven  
On your sugar coated lips.  
Who's honna get you? Some "Sunday-go-to meetin"?  
Who's little heart leaps 'n wants you for keeps?  
Who's honey are you?